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STRAY STUDIES

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BY

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

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PREFACE

I HAVE here reprinted, by the kind permission of the proprietors, some of J. R. Green's papers written for the *Saturday Review*. There are brief notices of towns, English and foreign, full of the vivid interest with which he pictured their life. Articles on the question of the Poor and the Poor-law, written during his life in the East End of London, show how unchanging certain problems remain. Some lighter papers have in themselves a sort of historical interest as illustrating the views of English people on certain subjects half a century ago. Many of the papers, and the circumstances of their writing, are referred to in the *Letters* published two years ago.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

14 KENSINGTON SQUARE,
29th September 1903.

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CHÂTEAU-GAILLARD

(July 27, 1867)

VERY few, we fancy, of the thousands of English people who have been rushing this summer through Rouen to Paris have cared to break their journey at the little station of Gaillon for an hour's look at the one mighty ruin which preserves for us the name and spirit of Richard the Lion-hearted. And yet we can conceive few scenes more worthy of a visit, not merely from historic students but from anybody whose notion of a holiday consists in something better than the exchange of one big busy town for another yet bigger and busier, than the "Saucy Castle," whose grey rock and gleaming river-curve tempted, again and again, the pencil of Turner. It is at Gaillon that the Seine bends suddenly from its course westward in this great semicircle to the north, and it is at the northernmost point of the bend, where the valley of Les Andelys breaks the line of its chalk cliffs, that the great Norman border-fortress still looks out over river and plain. At the first sight of it, indeed, Turner's sketches seem to be wild exaggerations, and

it is only the long stiff pull up to the ruins, and the sight of Le Petit Andelys right at our feet, with its brown lines of roofs, its wooden gables, and its little flechè dwarfed into a toy-town by the height, that teaches us how much truer a great painter's eye is likely to be than our own. But the view which breaks on the visitor as he looks southward from one of the windows of the ruined fortress—one from which Roger de Lacy may have watched the long year through for succours that never came—well rewards him for the climb. The moment of our visit was just such a moment as Turner has himself selected. The rain which had been pouring down through the morning ceased suddenly, rifts of pale sky parted the grey cloud-masses, the low mists lifted slowly from the dull reach of flat meadow that lay within the river-curve and from the blue masses of woodland along the southern hills, while the Seine itself, broken with green islets, and dappled with the grey and blue of the sky, flashed round like a silver bow on its way to Rouen. The castle is worthy of its site; as a monument of military skill it holds without doubt the first place among the fortresses of the Middle Ages, and its capture ranked among the exploits of Philip Augustus even above his victory over king and emperor at Bouvines. Till its partial demolition in the seventeenth century, it remained what Richard had left it, unaltered and unenlarged, yet the strongest among the fortresses of Northern France. The learned researches of M. Deville and M. Viollet-le-

Duc, completed as they have since been by the excavations, conducted at the cost of the French Government, and whose results have been embodied by M. Brossard de Ruville in his recent *Histoire de la Ville des Andelys*, leave little to desire as to the character of the fortress itself. The great point to remember about it in a military sense is that it formed but a part of a vast system of fortification, a sort of entrenched camp which Richard designed to cover his Norman capital. The approach by the Seine itself was blocked by a stockade and bridge of boats, which were protected by a fort on the islet in mid-stream, and by the town of Le Petit Andelys, which the King built at the mouth of the valley of the Gambon. This valley was at the time an impassable marsh, and in the angle between it and the Seine, on a spur of the chalk hills which rise immediately over Little Andelys, but which only a narrow neck of land connects with the general plateau, rose, at the height of three hundred feet above the river, the crowning fortress of the whole. Its outworks and the walls that connected it with the town and the stockade have for the most part gone, but time and the hand of man have done little to destroy the fortifications themselves—the fosse, hewn deep into the solid rock, with casemates hollowed out along its sides, the curiously fluted walls of the citadel, the almost untouched donjon tower, soaring above all. Even now, in its ruin, one can understand the triumphant outburst of its royal builder as he

saw it rising against the sky, "How pretty a daughter is mine, this child of but one year old."

The fortress was indeed Richard's "child" in more senses than one. Few places preserve more faithfully in ruin and legend the impress of their founder—his character, his military skill, his political ability, the boldness with which he had grasped the altered relation of Normandy to France. Nothing could show more clearly that Richard was something greater than the mere brutal soldier of Thierry or Lingard. The Crusade had proved him to be a consummate general, Château-Gaillard stamps him as the first of mediæval engineers. He saw distinctly that the great advance in the art of attack had rendered useless the older fortifications of the Norman towns which had sufficed to keep Henry or Louis of France at bay, and that not even Rouen could now hold out against a serious assault on the part of Philip. This vast entrenched camp was designed not merely to cover Rouen, but to guard the whole Norman frontier, and with it and its defence the adhesion of Normandy to the Angevins would, he foresaw, stand or fall. The easy reduction of Normandy on the fall of Château-Gaillard, which has so often been attributed to the mere cowardice or negligence of John, is the best witness to the foresight and sagacity of Richard. But it was a sagacity that, in him as in his father and successor, mingled strangely with a brutal violence, and a perfect indifference to what passed among the men of his day

for religion or honour. "Andelys shall not be fortified," were the very words of the treaty with Philip, and three months after its ratification he was digging the trenches of Château-Gaillard. "Saucy Castle" was the characteristic name he preferred for the fortress which, in cynical indifference to his plighted word, "bearded the king of the French." "I will take it were the walls of iron," was Philip's threat as he saw it rise. "Were they of butter," was the reckless answer, "I would hold it against all the knighthood of France." The associations of the site itself might have scared other men; it was the scene of Richard's cruellest murder, where, in revenge for the slaughter of his Welsh auxiliaries, he had flung three of his French captives headlong from the rock. It was Church land, and the Archbishop of Rouen laid Normandy under interdict at its seizure, but the King met the interdict with mockery, and intrigued with Rome till the censure was withdrawn. He was just as defiant of the "rain of blood" whose fall scared his courtiers. "Had an angel come down from heaven to induce him to abandon his work," says the coolest observer of the time, "he would have answered with a curse."

There were reasons even graver than the military reasons which we have stated for the reckless indifference to all higher feeling with which Richard pressed on the execution of the work. Few passages in our history have ever appeared more inexplicable than the loss of Normandy under John, the ease with

which the French conquest was effected, and the utter absence of any provincial resistance. Half a century before, the sight of a Frenchman in the land would have roused to arms every Norman peasant from Avranches to Dieppe; but town after town surrenders at the mere summons of Philip Augustus, and the conquest is hardly over before the province settles down into the most loyal of the provinces of France. No doubt much of this was owing to the wise liberality with which Philip met the pretensions of the greater towns to increased independence and self-government, and the overpowering force and military ability with which the conquest was effected. But this will hardly explain the utter absence of all opposition, and the readiness with which the Normans imbibed the antipathies and hopes of their conquerors. The truth was that provincial feeling had no place in the matter; to the Norman his transfer from John to Philip was a mere passing from one foreign rule to another foreign rule, and, foreigner for foreigner, Philip was the less alien of the two. Between France and Normandy there had been as many years of friendship and mutual aid as there had been of strife; between Norman and Angevin there lay nothing but a century of bitterest hate. Moreover, the subjection to France was the realisation in fact of a dependence which had always existed in theory. Philip entered Rouen as an overlord, not as a conqueror; while its reduction by the Angevin Geoffry had been the most humiliating of all submissions, the submission to an

equal. So long indeed as the daughter of King Henry held court, practically as their duchess, at Rouen, the loyalty of Normandy had something to cling to, but with Matilda's death all seemed to pass away. The hired panegyrist of Henry II. might indeed trace his descent from the line of Rollo, but to the Normans and to himself he was a stranger in the land. There is no sign of disloyalty on their part, but there is none of the deep-hearted loyalty that had rallied the whole people round the standard of the Conqueror, or lined the road from Lions-la-Forêt to Caen with thousands of weeping peasants as the corpse of the last of William's sons was borne to rest awhile, ere it crossed the seas, in William's great minster. On the other hand, Henry himself never appealed to their loyalty; he held them as he held his other provinces, by a strictly administrative bond, and as a foreign master: he guarded their border with foreign troops. Richard succeeded to the heritage of his father's policy only to exaggerate it. It was impossible for a Norman to recognise with any real sympathy his duke in that French prince whom he saw moving along the border at the head of his Routiers and Brabançons, in whose camp the old names of the Norman baronage were missing, and a mere Gascon ruffian like Marchadé reigned supreme. The bond became more and more artificial till it snapped. But it did not snap till the erection of Château-Gaillard had proclaimed to the world the revolution in the position of Normandy. The purely

military site which Richard selected showed his clear realisation of the fact that Normandy was henceforth to be held in a purely military way; the creation of a vast entrenched camp implied that all trust in the occasional service of its baronage was at an end, and that their sole business in the matter henceforth was to pay for the maintenance of the King-Duke's adventurers.

It is thus a characteristic fact of the final conquest by Philip Augustus that the last struggle for the lordship of Normandy was fought out on the part of its Angevin masters, not by Norman levies, but for the most part by foreign swords; not on any of the old historic sites of Norman tradition, not around the minsters of Caen, or beneath the walls of Rouen or Gournay, but on a spot unknown in Norman history and connected with no great Norman name. The history of that last year of John's Norman rule is still too obscure to allow us to venture on any very certain explanations of his course; but to those who have realised that, whatever were the defects in John's character, it was eminently distinguished by the inventiveness, the "shiftiness" (if we may use the word) of his race, nothing is more striking than the abandonment of all hope for Normandy on the failure of his great attempt to relieve Château-Gaillard. The skill with which the combined attack was planned would prove, even if the surprise of Arthur at Mirebeau left the matter uncertain, the military genius of John. The French invaders were parted

into two masses by the Seine; the bulk of their forces lay camped in the level space within the great curve of the river, while one division was thrown across it to occupy the valley of the Gambon, and sweep the Vexin of provisions before undertaking the siege of Château-Gaillard. The combined attack which John projected from Rouen was one not merely ingenious in itself, but immensely ahead of the military strategy of his day. He proposed to cut the French army in two by the destruction of their bridge of boats and the capture of the fort in the middle of the stream, while the whole of his own forces, under the Earl of Pembroke and the Routier Lupicarius, flung themselves on the rear of the forces encamped in the *cul-de-sac* formed by the bend of the river, and without any means of exit from it save by the bridge of boats, which would already have been destroyed. But the military conceptions of John, like his political conceptions, were too far ahead of the means of execution which his age presented to succeed; and the attack which, had it been accurately carried out, must have ended in the defeat and surrender of the whole French army and the utter ruin of Philip, failed from the impossibility, in the then infancy of the military art, of carrying through with any accuracy so delicate a combination. The two assaults were made, not at one, but at different times, and were successively repulsed. Then came the utter collapse of the purely military system on which the Angevins had relied for their hold on Normandy.

John's Treasury was exhausted, and his army of mercenaries dispersed or passed over to the foe. The appeal to the Norman baronage, so long neglected, was now too late to be of any avail. The fortifications of the towns were incapable of resisting the new engineering and siege train of the French. Moreover, the hearts of the people were cold, and the nobles were already treating with Philip. It was of little consequence how many small towns Philip picked up. John's cynical comment, "I can retake them in a week," was a perfectly true comment; but it was the conviction that, save behind the walls of Château-Gaillard, there were no elements of resistance in his Duchy of Normandy that drove John to seek aid, almost as fruitlessly, in his realm of England. After a gallant defence Château-Gaillard fell, and Normandy passed without a struggle into the hands of her French overlord. On that loss of the old home of her kings hung—little as she knew it—the destinies of England; and the greatest interest, after all, that attaches one to this grand ruin is that it is the ruin of a system as much as of a camp. From that dark donjon, from those broken walls, we see not merely the pleasant vale of the Seine, but the sedgy flats of our own Runnymede.

TROYES

(Nov. 27, 1869)

WE can hardly wonder that the bulk of English travellers, rushing through some of the tamest scenery in the world on their way to some of the grandest, pause only for the half hour of its buffet at the capital of Champagne. The dulness of the great northern plain of France is a little hard to bear with the glories of the Alps in full prospect, but the Alps will wait patiently for a day or two; and for travellers of the gentler order, to whom hurry and night-expresses are an abomination, we can hardly suggest a town which will better repay the expenditure of a little time and trouble than the good town of Troyes. To Englishmen, indeed, it has a double historical interest—first, as the capital of a House which once promised to set sovereigns of its blood on the throne of England; and again as the scene of the treaty which followed Agincourt, and whose result, had not the course of events torn it to shreds, must have been to render England a mere dependency of France. But simply as a town it is

full of interest. Its cathedral fairly holds its own even in the neighbourhood of Beauvais and Rheims. In the Church of St. Urbain it possesses a building in which the decorative art of the thirteenth century has reached its highest point of perfection. Busy and thriving, too, as the place is, its streets retain much of that older picturesqueness which everywhere through France is vanishing before Préfet and Maire. In an electoral address which he has lately issued, the Maire of Troyes appeals pathetically to his fellow-citizens not to show, by their rejection of him, a wish to undo all that thirty years of civic administration have done. We fear that not even the rejection of so important a functionary would restore to Troyès all that those thirty years have swept away—the Church of the Jacobins, or the ancient Butchery, or the Palace of the Counts, or the lordly circuit of its walls. But losses like these have taken less from the interest of Troyes than they would have taken from that of most towns. Its charm lies not so much in feudal or ecclesiastical remains as in the full pargeted houses, the steep gables with the deeply-recessed arch in their front, the large court-yards with the galleries round them, the rusted pulleys or the projecting dormers which reveal the real life of the Nuremberg of France. The character of the town is indicated by its very site. It lies in a gentle dip of the monotonous level, the lower city huddled round its cathedral on an almost imperceptible slope to the east, the upper grouped

round the Hôtel de Ville on the higher rise to the west. The two are still as distinct as ever, and the canal which runs in the hollow between them serves, as the comitial palace which it swept away did of old, to sever the town of the merchant from the town of the bishop and the count.

Of the last of these, as it is the older part of the whole, we will speak first. It is a little amusing to recall the steep hillside of Lincoln in these flats of Champagne, but the way in which the Castle and Cathedral of our English city are set side by side may enable the reader to understand the arrangements of the lower town of Troyes. Over its southern half towers the mass of the Minster of St. Peter, with the Bishop's borough sloping gently by the narrow, tangled streets of the old Butchery to the island and mills which mask the head-waters of Seine. To the north of it is the site of the military fortress, which time and Henri Quatre have united to destroy. To the cathedral itself guide-books, and even Mr. Fergusson's notice in his *History of Architecture*, give scant justice. No doubt much of the detail has been tampered with by modern restoration, and though the charge of insufficient height which the last writer brings is unfair enough, the nave, in spite of the double aisle on either side, is perhaps a little tame and ineffective. But, within and without, in the perfect proportions of each bay, and in the noble grouping of its outer chapels, the choir is hardly to be surpassed. The episcopal history

of the town, however, is uneventful, nor does the list of its prelates present any name of remarkable eminence. They were, in fact, overshadowed by the Counts. It is strange, as one stands on the grassy site of their donjon, or beside the canal which has obliterated their palace, to think how utterly all trace of the House of Champagne has vanished from its capital. None of the great houses of France were destined to so strange a fate. Inheritors by marriage of the Carolingian blood, by geographical position alike dependent and independent of France and of the Empire, welding gradually together the belt of provinces from Chartres and Touraine, by Blois to Troyes, which held as in a prison-house the infant realm of Hugh Capet, the descendants of Thibaut the Trickster seemed, through the ninth and tenth centuries, to hold the fortunes of France in their hands. The earlier kings were but their puppets, the earlier Counts of Anjou were their feudatories; it was they who led the hosts of France against the hated Norman. Thrice a crown seemed within their grasp, and yet, of all the feudal princes of the North, they were the one house to which fate refused a throne. The most daring and powerful of their line fell in seizing the realm of Arles. The Norman dukes, so long the object of their hate, succeeded not only in baffling their designs on the throne of France, but in themselves becoming lords of England. Their feudatories of Anjou, after plundering them of their fairest province, baffled

their attempt to found a royal line in Stephen, and set an Angevin count on the throne of William and of Alfred. The truth is that the Counts, brilliant, ambitious as they were, wanted the patience, the force, the restless energy, which in their different ways lifted their three rivals to greatness. At home, however, their rule seems to have been very mild and beneficent. Like the neighbouring rulers of Flanders, their policy bent itself especially to the encouragement of industry, and now that the statelier memorials of their rule have disappeared, its memory is touchingly preserved by a gift which for seven centuries has proved the life of their capital. By canalising the head-waters of Seine and distributing them through the town, the Counts gave its mills a force which is estimated in our own days at more than a thousand horse-power. In this gift lay the secret of the stubborn vitality which has carried Troyes over a series of catastrophes which would have been fatal to most towns, and, above all, over the cessation of the great commercial exchange with which its name is most familiarly connected.

It is not often that we refer our readers to Mrs. Mangnall's Catechism, but there is one answer in that remarkable compilation of useful knowledge which unfolds succinctly enough the main interest of Troyes. The ingenuous questioner who asks why a certain table is called Troy weight, is told that it received its name from its use at the Fair of Troyes. Through the eleventh and twelfth centuries its Fair stood first

among the great commercial gatherings in which the reviving spirit of trade and industry was undoing the isolation of the darker ages which had passed away. But even in destroying these they illustrated in a very vivid way the local jealousies, the industrial hostility of the world which they were transforming. Just as in the one great Fair which still preserves the tradition of the past, the Russian Fair of Novgorod, the jealousy of guilds and peoples showed itself at Troyes in the separate stations occupied by the various trades and languages as they stood marshalled on the hill-slope that led down to the abbey of Notre-Dame. Below the drapers of Flanders stood the merchants of the Levant; the traders of Arras were face to face with the money-changers of Cahors; beneath the buttresses of St. John's sate the Lucca bankers: the narrow side streets were full of the stalls of Montauban and Douai, or of traffickers who thronged thither from the rose-gardens of Provins. Hay-market and leather-market clustered round the abbey walls, and in the midst of the hungry, disorderly crowd, the provident care of the Counts had established an oven and a pillory. All the local names which preserved these curious details have been swept away by the spirit of modern improvement, but the street now called the Rue Notre-Dame, which leads down the slope of the upper town to the Préfecture, has, in fact, grown out of the long line of movable stalls which formed the Fair. In the midst of it stands the Church of St. John, originally

the chapel of the traders, but linked by one memorable event with our own national history. The Treaty of Troyes, in which the succession of France passed with the hand of Katherine to Henry of Lancaster, was signed before the high altar of the cathedral; the wooing, so oddly told by Shakspeare, must have taken place in the Palace of the Counts. The marriage itself was celebrated in the Church of St. John. Strange as its general effect is, the church is worthy of its historic renown. Its great length gives it the air of being a far grander building than it really is. The nine bays of its nave look even longer through the flatness of the low vaulting, while a weird surprise is flung over the whole by the sudden rise of the choir to almost double the height of the western portion of the church. We can hardly doubt that Henry's choice of the church for his marriage was part of that policy of conciliation towards the merchant class which showed itself at home in his commercial legislation, and in the elaborate accounts of his victories which he forwarded to his citizens of London. The Fair had, indeed, long lost its earlier importance in the fifteenth century, but the fine houses of the merchant princes of that date, with their huge recessed gables and picturesque oriels projecting over the street, show that even then it remained one of the great industrial centres of France. It is this strictly industrial character which distinguishes its history so sharply from that of most towns of its class. It is often as interesting to notice

what is not in a town as what is in it, and what the eye at once misses in Troyes is any monument of purely municipal life. The fine Hôtel de Ville is of comparatively modern date; there is no town tower, no *beffroi*, as at Amiens or St. Riquier, to tell of struggles for liberty, or for the political independence of the commune. Perhaps it was a little difficult to quarrel even for independence with such sovereigns as the Counts of Champagne. But this utter absence of all elements strange to our modern ideas gives us, as we stand in its streets, a sense of continuous life such as we seldom find elsewhere. From its first origin until to-day the life of the town moves without a break. Its very site indicated the peaceful, busy temper which it has preserved throughout. Celtic as is its origin, the gentle dip of the city of the Tricassini forms a startling contrast to the height crowned with the towers of Celtic Chartres. It is a busy, thriving place still, and is evidently sharing in the fresh commercial impulse which recent legislation has given to the towns of Northern France. But its charm lies in the fact that trade and commerce are no new-comers in it; the frequent wains, the whirl of the stocking-loom, the cotton bales piled in its courtyards, are only the continuation of an industrial energy which reaches back for eight hundred years.

The most exquisite monument of architectural art within its walls is, in fact, the consecration of this industrial spirit. Son of a poor cobbler of Troyes, Jacques Pantaléon rose from the post of choir-boy in

its cathedral to the highest office in the mediæval church. As a pope he is famous for the cruel extinction of the House of Hohenstauffen, and for the handing over of Southern Italy to Charles of Anjou. As a citizen of Troyes he has left a nobler memorial in the church which he erected on the site of his father's shop. Mere fragment as it is, for of the nave only a single story was ever completed, St. Urbain's ranks among the finest examples of the art of the thirteenth century. It is idle to compare it, as is sometimes done, with the Sainte Chapelle; its characteristic feature is rather to be found in the union of the perfect grace and purity of such a rival with a freedom and variety of decorative treatment which is especially its own. Within, there is something German in the detached repetition of the lower window tracery, and in the window-like treatment of the transeptal doors; but the chief decoration of the building is lavished on its exterior. Here ornament is carried to its furthest limit without ever becoming feeble or false: the quatrefoils of the windows encased in detached tabernacle work which points up to the graceful line of the balustrade; the delicate flying buttresses, resting on piers every one of which is treated as a separate work of art. The church, continued after the Pope's death by his nephew, remains unfinished as he left it, with the original wooden pent-houses which served as a temporary western porch. M. Viollet le Duc is said to have in his portfolio a plan for its restoration, and, judging

by our experience of French restoration, we should advise all students of architecture who wish to see the work of Pope Urbain and not of M. Viollet le Duc, to set about seeing St. Urbain's at once. For such students there is a great deal more that is worth seeing at Troyes. Not a trace of Romanesque work, indeed, remains; but from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, the series of architectural illustrations is complete. The cathedral itself advances bay by bay from the pure First-pointed of its choir-chapels to the profuse Flamboyant of its western front. St. John's represents the transition from the last style to that of the Renaissance, and the style of the Renaissance is characteristically expressed in the Church of St. Pantaléon. Small as it is, the last church in its extravagance of ornament offers the most instructive of contrasts to the Church of St. Urbain. Nowhere does the eye seize more clearly the difference between the decorative detail which flows naturally, as it were, from the character of the fabric, and ornament stuck in to hide constructional deficiencies. Exquisite as in its own way it undoubtedly is, the famous *jubé* of the Church of the Madeleine contrasts in the same unfavourable way with the severe beauty of the transept in which it is placed. The town is, in fact, full of objects of the highest interest. It is at any rate well worth a visit by any who are looking for a resting-place on their way to Basle.

THE HOUSE OF BRIENNE[1]

(Sept. 24, 1870)

READERS fresh from their Smith or their Lemprière have too often laughed at Shakspeare's conversion of Theseus into a Duke of Athens to care perhaps to be reminded that in the sixteenth century the notion of a Duke of Athens was by no means so strange a one as it sounds now. Shakspeare could certainly have pointed to a Duke of Athens who fell fighting at Poitiers, and his acquaintance with Italian history had no doubt introduced him to a potentate of the same name who for a time was master of Florence. To readers of Gibbon or of Mr. Finlay the dukedom is by this time familiar enough, but we are none the less indebted to Count Fernand de Sassenay for the pleasant little monograph in which he has told us the story of the French family which thus brought the name of the city of Cecrops to the banks of the Arno and the Seine. Through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the name of the lords of Brienne

[1] *Les Brienne de Lecce et d'Athènes.* Par le comte Fernand de Sassenay. Paris: Hachette and Co. 1869.

meets us at every page of the annals of France or Italy or the East. At a time when Christendom was breaking up into settled nationalities, when the uniting forces of the Church or the Empire were growing weaker and weaker, when the impulse which flung the West upon the East had all but disappeared, the Briennes perpetuated almost alone the tradition of the earlier age of movement, of adventure, of individual heroism. Like the Normans of the eleventh century, they crossed the Alps with a few horsemen at their back to claim the thrones of Apulia or Constantinople. Like the Crusaders of the twelfth, their lands lay alike along the Seine or along the Jordan; their home was as much in the East as in the West. They were citizens of the world. But it is a marked point in their character that, wherever they wander, they remain Frenchmen. The two centuries of their glory were centuries during which, though exposed at home to the greatest calamities, France exercised a dominant influence upon the nations around. The Empire was broken to pieces; Italy was a cluster of warring States; England was too distant to exercise much influence. From the time of St. Louis to the reawakening of the Empire under Charles V., France was the master spirit of Europe. The later feudalism, with its false chivalry, its oppression, its utter hollowness, was the stamp which she set upon the world around her. Her influence penetrated into Italy through the House of Anjou; the robber knights of the Rhine framed

themselves on the model of her noblesse; her English conquerors forsook their English tongue for her own. The Briennes expressed this diffusive influence of France in a remarkable way. Amidst all their varied adventures and fortunes they remain Frenchmen. The first of these adventurers starts on his Apulian expedition under the patronage of Philip Augustus. The last returns to coerce the citizens of Florence by the threats of Philip of Valois. Lords of Lecce, kings, emperors, dukes as they might be, they are above all barons of Champagne. The wealth they drew from their French domains furnished the means for their daring enterprises. French adventurers flock everywhere to their standard. Their character retains its French impress; the daring of their conceptions, the brilliancy, the dash, the rapidity of their success, their real frivolity of aim, their hardness and selfishness of purpose, their unscrupulousness, the sudden collapse of project after project, the barren issue of centuries of restless activity, all render them perhaps the most conspicuous types of France in its later feudalism. It is difficult to imagine a race of men such as these, aiming for two hundred years at the greatest prizes of the world, and often touching if not securing them, without once disclosing the gleam of a noble purpose, or rising above the level of merely selfish ambition.

The family of Brienne owed its rise to the stormy childhood of Frederic II. The Popes had just ex-

perienced the terrible danger of being crushed by the union of the Imperial Crown with that of Naples in the person of Henry VI. The policy of Innocent III. and his successors was steadily directed to one end—that of providing against the recurrence of a similar danger from his son. But during the minority of Frederic II., Innocent had to meet a more immediate peril in the hostility of the German baronage whom Henry's marriage with Constance had settled in the disorganised kingdom. To accomplish the double end of providing these ruffians with a master devoted to the Holy See and also of freeing the Papacy from the future danger which was embodied in Frederic himself, Innocent summoned Walter de Brienne from his barony in Champagne, and wedded him to the richest heiress in the Neapolitan realm. It is true that the wife whom the Pope gave to the French adventurer was also heiress of the claims of a bastard line of the House of Sicily, which in the person of Tancred of Lecce had contested the crown with Henry VI.; but we cannot assent to the justice of M. de Sassenay's assertion that, in concluding this marriage, Innocent designed any attack on the Sicilian throne, or any betrayal of the greater interests of his royal ward. That he intended to restore the fief of Tarentum and Lecce in favour of his French supporter we know from his investiture of Walter de Brienne, but the oath which he imposed upon him to abstain from any attempt on the crown coincides fairly enough with his avowed policy of

raising up a Papal party in Naples, who might hold their own against the German baronage. Innocent's real crime lay in calling in another foreign element to add to the woes of Italy; but it was against other foreigners that he called the French soldiery, and not, like his successors in our own day, against Italy itself. As it turned out, however, the coming of Walter de Brienne was the beginning of centuries of French interference in Italy. He was the predecessor of Charles of Anjou, of Charles VIII., of the endless inroads after inroads that closed only in the gigantic usurpations of the First Napoleon. The imprisonment of a pope in Savona avenged on the Papacy the calling in of Walter de Brienne; but it is odd to remember that we are witnessing only to-day in the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and its annexation to Italy, the last results of a political measure as far distant as the days of Philip Augustus. M. de Sassenay has told with much spirit the adventures of Walter himself. Wealthy as he was, his gold secured him so few followers that Innocent started in dismay at the little army with which the Frenchman coolly proposed to conquer a realm. But, though the aid of the Papal treasury gathered a larger host round Walter's banners, his sixty knights and forty sergeants-at-arms were the real heroes of the victory on the Volturno which laid Naples at his feet. Walter's supremacy was secured against the renewed attacks of the German baronage by a second victory in the well-known field of Cannæ, but the

desertion of his French followers, drawn away by the stronger attractions of a crusade in the East, prevented him in spite of Papal pressure from undertaking the conquest of Italy. Rapid, in fact, as his success had been, it was to be surpassed by the rapidity of his fall. While besieging his last enemy, the German Diepold, in the castle of Sarno, a night sally threw his camp into confusion, and the captured Count ended his life in the prisons of his enemy.

With the death of Walter the story of his house shifts abruptly from Apulia to the East. While Walter himself had been selected by Innocent as the fittest supporter of the Papacy, his brother John had been pointed out by Philip Augustus as the one man capable of saving the last fragments of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. At the ripe age of sixty John espoused the young heiress of this crown, Mary of Montferrat, and at the head of the fifth crusade strove fruitlessly to roll back the tide of Moslem success in the marshes of the Nile. A strange incident again complicated the fortunes of his house with those of the Hohenstauffen. The policy of the Popes required the marriage of John's daughter, Iolande, with Frederic II.; but the marriage was no sooner concluded than the Emperor demanded the cession of the royal title, which John had hitherto retained in right of his wife and child. The old warrior was forced to comply, and, flying to the Papal court, waited for his revenge in the strife which he saw to be inevitable between Frederic and the Papacy.

The strife came, and John placed himself at the head of the Papal troops; but the advantages which he gained during the Emperor's absence in the East were at once lost on his return. Fortune had, however, reserved a second crown for his extreme old age, and John died Emperor at Constantinople. The name of the Briennes now stood foremost among the warriors of the East. Walter, the heir of the conqueror of Apulia, stood at the head of the barons of Palestine, and perished, after a career of glory, in the dungeons of Egypt. The last survivor of his sons joined the army of Charles of Anjou in time to share the victory of Tagliacozzo, and to witness the fall of the great Hohenstauffen house, with which his own had combated so long. He fell amid the calamities of the war of the Sicilian Vespers, but Fortune had another Eastern prize to fling in the way of his son. The death of a cousin bequeathed to Walter de Brienne the Duchy of Athens. M. de Sassenay has followed Mr. Finlay very closely in his description of the state of Athens in the Middle Ages:—

C'était un bel et enviable héritage que ce duché que s'était taillé un siècle auparavant, dans les débris de l'empire d'Orient, un simple gentilhomme franc-comtois, Othon de la Roche. Sous son administration et sous celle de ses successeurs Guy, Jean, Guillaume et Guy II., le petit Etat était parvenu à un haut degré de splendeur et de prospérité. Il comprenait au nord de l'isthme, l'Attique, la Béotie, la Phocide et la Locride; au sud, une grande partie de l'Argolide. Peu de princes en Europe, hormis ceux qui portaient des couronnes royales, étaient aussi puissants que les maîtres d'Athènes, et leur cour, où l'on parlait le français aussi purement qu'à Paris, passait, au

commencement du XIV^e^ siècle, pour l'une des plus brillantes et des plus fastueuses de l'époque. C'est que la Grèce était loin d'être tombée aussi bas qu'elle est aujourd'hui. Sans être aussi florissante qu'elle l'avait été avant la conquête romaine, elle comptait évidemment parmi les contrées les plus civilisées et les plus industrieuses du moyen âge. Athènes était encore une grande ville riche et populeuse, le pays était parsemé de nombreux villages, et les campagnes, soigneusement cultivées et sillonnées par des canaux d'irrigation, étaient couvertes de vignobles, d'orangers, de citronniers, de figuiers et d'oliviers. La valonia, le coton, la soie et les cuirs de l'Attique alimentaient les fabriques indigènes qui trouvaient au dehors des débouches assurées; le commerce du duché était considérable; enfin les impôts payés par les propriétaires et les négociants grecs, auxquels les ducs avaient laissé leur indépendance et accordaient une intelligente protection, leur assuraient des revenus que bien des rois leur eussent enviés.

Here again, as in Italy or Palestine, ruin rapidly followed a strange success. To defend himself from the feudatories of the Greek Empire, Walter de Brienne called to his aid the largest of the mercenary bands whom the cessation of the Sicilian war had let loose upon the world, the "Grand Company," which, after freeing Constantinople from the Turks, had suddenly besieged the Emperor in his capital, and had only been driven by famine to a retreat into Macedonia. A promise of enormous pay enlisted these mercenaries in the service of the Duke; but the Catalans had no sooner crushed his enemies than they became a worse foe themselves. The final encounter in the plain of the Cephisus reads like another version of Crécy; the French chivalry plunged headlong into a marsh, and fell butchered

like sheep beneath the knives of the veteran infantry of the Grand Company.

Walter was the first to fall; his son, stripped of his duchy, which he sought in vain to recover, was still one of the wealthiest lords of Southern Italy. Here he was found by the envoys of Florence, hard pressed by its war with Pisa, and ruined by the bankruptcy of our own Edward III. The burgher aristocracy, who since the revolution of 1328 had monopolised the government of the town, fell back on the old Italian policy of calling in a soldier of fortune; but in accepting their offers the real aim of the Duke of Athens was to find in Florence a compensation for the duchy he had lost. Entrusted with a strictly military power, he availed himself of the right incautiously left him of punishing those offenders to whom the mishaps of the war were owing, and at once humbled the bourgeoisie by the execution of four of the principal Florentines. The execution was, in fact, a bid for support from the two classes, the nobles and the artisans, whom the wealthier burghers had succeeded in excluding from power, and both at once rose to aid De Brienne in the *coup d'état* which overthrew the rule of the oligarchy. Nobles and people joined in conferring on the Duke the lordship of Florence. "The pilgrim is housed at last," Philip of Valois exclaimed jestingly at the news, "but he has a bad hostel." The Duke's power, in fact, rested on two incompatible foundations, and the share of power which he gave to the

populace soon alienated the feudal noblesse. The humiliating peace which Florence was soon forced to sign with Pisa gave ground for universal discontent, and the Duke fell hastily back on brute force. He disarmed the citizens, fortified his palace, gathered mercenaries from every quarter, and decreed a communal bankruptcy when these measures brought about their inevitable result in an empty treasury. Execution after execution spread terror among his enemies; but a year had not passed when the city rose as one man, threw barricades across every street, cut off and massacred the mercenaries, and forced the Duke to surrender. M. de Sassenay has corrected much of the exaggeration of Villani's story by availing himself of later researches into the Florentine archives; but we cannot think that he has done much to reverse the verdict of history upon Walter de Brienne. Of him, rather than Pope Boniface, it might be said that he came in like a fox, ruled like a lion, and was turned out like a dog. His life was the fitting end to the story of his house—a story throughout strange, brilliant, selfish as his own. His end brings him nearer to ourselves; the last Duke of Athens died fighting, as Constable of France, on the field of Poitiers.

COMO

(April 15, 1871)

COMO lies just at one's feet as one looks down from the Baradello, the steep hill which screens the little town from the wide plain of Lombardy, a square mass within gloomy walls with grey bastions at each angle, its southern front broken by the huge, blank tower of the Milan gate. Within, it seems a mere rippling confusion of whites and greys and brown-red house-tiles, its level site giving a touch of monotony to it, its streets bright and busy, its few churches buried, all save the Duomo, amidst the crowded dwellings, its house-fronts unmarked by the picturesque balconies that sometimes give character to Italian cities. The town stretches across the meadows between the hill-ranges which edge the lake, nestling closer to the western slopes where the Romanesque Church of San Abbondio only just finds room between the walls and the hillside, but leaving space enough eastward for a wider plain rising gently in slopes of gardens and vineyards and maize fields. To the north lies the lake, the shadow-dappled heights

of either bank mirrored in the bright calm of its waters, its head alone visible as it bends sharply round to the little pool which serves as the harbour of the town. Every town has its birth-point, if one may use the phrase; and what hill or rise is to the inland city, harbour or water's edge is to the seaman's or the fisher's town. Defence, security against attack, gives its value to the mound of Chartres or the cliff of Angers; towns like these spread downwards from their original nucleus till their suburbs reach plain or stream. In the fisher or the trader city, in Como or London, the town grows from the water-side and climbs the higher ground round it. The two buildings that mark the older part of Como, its Duomo and Broletto, stand close to the little pool where the long, heavy boats of the market-folk lie heaped to the brim with peaches and gourds and baskets of olives and grapes. The Duomo is undoubtedly disappointing, with the notable exception of its western front, which is a fine specimen of late Italian Gothic. The rest is in the style of the minster at Milan, and faults of detail are unrelieved by the gigantic proportions which in the latter wrest a confession of sublimity of effect from the most unwilling of critics. The choir, too, which at Milan is, at least when viewed from without, the earliest and finest part of the existing building, is here a hideous erection of the semi-classical epoch, with Corinthian pilasters and the like. Far higher architectural interest attaches to the Church of San Fedele, which tradition declares

to have been the original cathedral. Without, it is wholly of early Lombard work; the characteristic forms of Lombard sculpture, dragons, lions, griffins, are found over its doorways, while the deep exterior galleries of its apse recall the German churches along the Rhine. But the most beautiful among all the buildings of Como is without doubt the Church of San Abbondio in the suburbs, a small but most graceful creation of the eleventh century. Few who have ever seen it will forget the singular and picturesque effect which is obtained in its interior by the contrast between the slender columns of the aisles and the massive pillars of the nave, or the exquisite arabesque work, equal in delicacy and in invention to the finest arabesque of Venice, which is lavished on arch and buttress without. The tower and gateway in the walls through which the road passes to Milan are as gloomy and colossal in character as San Abbondio is graceful and light. Of anything like domestic architecture, on the other hand, not a trace seems to remain. The town is essentially a modern, thrifty, busy little town, with a good trade of its own in silks, woollens, and the like, and serving as a halfway house for the general traffic between Italy and the North. In such a place one hardly expects the palazzi of Vicenza, or the wealth of ornament that makes every street in Verona an artistic study; but even setting rivals like these on one side, it must be owned that there is something disappointing in the tameness and monotony of Como.

No doubt many of the sources of interest which attract us in the bulk of Italian towns are wanting here. With the exception of a few fine pictures by Luini and others of the Milanese school, Como has little to show in the way of art. Since the days of Pliny it has made small contribution to letters. No great ecclesiastical event is associated with its Duomo. No great fortress preserves the memory of the later tyrants beneath whose rule its earlier liberties were trampled in the dust. What really interests the stranger who walks through its quiet, monotonous streets, is the trace everywhere of that continuity of life which so vividly distinguishes Italian towns from towns westward of the Alps. The thought which gives their true majesty to Milan or Verona, the remembrance that when German towns were not, when a flood of barbaric conquest had swept civilisation from the cities of Gaul, when throughout Britain the municipal life of its Roman past had disappeared with its language, its religion, and its law, the old Roman citizenship and life and tongue lived on within the shelter of these Italian walls,—this thought throws its interest even around Como. We look on its massive gates, its deep fosse where the wild gourd flings itself over the cool turf, with the gratitude we owe to cities which served as arks in the deluge of the world. The sepulchral inscription with its "Dis Manibus" embedded in the fabric of the Duomo carries us to the city of Pliny, to the Greek colonists planted there by Cæsar, to the settlement of the

Gaul. Pliny is still *concivis noster* to the Comasques. The Basilica of San Abbondio, the Church of San Fedele, recall a Lombard, a Carolingian Comum. The one great break in its annals, its destruction by Milan and its subsequent restoration, only adds a new and peculiar interest to its history. The town as it stands now is, with the exception of a church or two, a pure creation of the twelfth century, a hundred years older than Hull, a hundred years younger than Bristol. But, like the first of these cities, this new Como is the direct creation of a great ruler. It is with a strange thrill of surprise that we stand beneath the dark walls of massive stone that threw their earliest shadows over Frederick Barbarossa. It was the cry of Como that brought on the great struggle between Italy and the Empire which ended in the victory of the Lombard League. Whatever its after character may have proved, the first descent of the Emperor from the Alps was simply a chivalrous attempt to restore order and freedom to the oppressed townships that lay writhing beneath the heel of Milan. Como was, above all, the object of that city's hate. She was a dangerous rival in trade, and her position gave her the command of the great merchant-road into Germany. For ten years the two rivals waged a desperate warfare. Como was nerved to strenuous efforts by the freedom she had lately won, for her institution of the Consulate dates from the very opening of the twelfth century. But the long struggle ended in utter ruin. Milan leagued against

her the whole of Northern Italy. Belaggio and the little townships along the lake, whose liberties she had unscrupulously assailed, united their naval efforts to the land attacks of Milan. Her gallant resistance only inspired a more fiery hatred; the great city vowed to level Como with the dust, and in 1127 she kept her vow. The churches alone stood untouched in the general wreck. Walls and houses were utterly destroyed, and the miserable remnants of the population were compelled to swear fealty to the conqueror. It was the cry of Como that stirred Frederick to his descent on Italy, and the terrible destruction of Milan avenged the ruin of her foe. But Barbarossa did more than avenge the town; he rebuilt it. "Civitatem in cineres collapsam funditus re-edificavimus nos," writes the Emperor in his charter, and the greater portion of the walls which still remain are undoubtedly his work. The citizens clung loyally to their benefactor. As they had shared his triumph, so they shared his fall. In the fatal battle of Legnano, which crushed the hopes of the Emperor, the whole of his Comasque followers fell gallantly on the field. Even in the hour of his final withdrawal Barbarossa was not unmindful of Como. At the close of the Peace of Constance he granted to the town the fortress he had built on the Baradello, and invested it with the Imperial rights over the whole of the Valtelline. It was not till freedom was utterly crushed out beneath the tyranny of the Viscontis that Como abandoned her faith and loyalty to the Empire.

If the Town-hall of Como is inferior in size to many of the town-halls of Italy, it is inferior to none in beauty. To an eye accustomed to Northern forms of art there is something exquisitely strange and fascinating in the massive arches that lift it high over the Piazza, in the busy fruit-market beneath, where brown country-women wrangle amid tumbled heaps of melons and grapes, in the stern, richly-coloured front, so quaintly jammed in between the town-tower and the Duomo, the broad bands of dark porphyry alternating with those of red and white marble, the delicate shafts of its three windows, the bold picturesque projection of its balcony. But even were it a less beautiful building, the Broletto of Como would still have this advantage over its huger rivals, that it is the first instance of communal life which meets the traveller who dips down on Italy through the Italian lakes. It is impossible, as the eye first catches sight of the balcony boldly projecting from its front, to resist the thoughts that crowd on the mind—thoughts of the new popular life which sprang from the Italian town-masses of the eleventh century, or of the new eloquence which sprang from the Italian communes. That Italy was far from being the only source of free speech, Englishmen at least are not likely to forget: the mallum of the Frank, the landesgemeinde of the men of Uri, our own meetings of townsfolk or shirefolk, or wise folk of the realm, remind us that Teutonic freedom has from the first found its expression in, has rested

indeed its whole system of government, of legislation, and of justice upon, the outspoken deliberation of free men. But at the moment when the Italian towns burst into independent life it seemed as if the last relic of this Teutonic independence had been swept away in the conquest of England. The gatherings of the men of Schwytz, of Uri, of Unterwalden, were as yet hidden in obscurity from the world. The free speech which still lingered on in town-motes such as that of St. Edmundsbury, or beneath the bell-tower of St. Paul's, was restricted to judicial or purely administrative action. It was at the very moment of its extinction elsewhere that political eloquence woke in the Italian republics. But it awoke in a new form, the eloquence no longer of a free aristocracy of landowners, but of a democracy of traders and craftsmen struggling to be free —an eloquence based, not on tradition or existing fact, but on principles. To the old forces around it, to the Imperial or Papal law, to canonist or civilian, it opposed the rights of human nature itself, the right of the meanest artisan to self-government, to liberty. Instead of the basis of property on which Teutonic freedom had rested, this new freedom took for its basis man himself. We have no space here for tracing the history of this democratic eloquence that rose from the midst of the town-masses of Italy, the communistic form which it assumed in the preaching of the friars, its influence on Beghard and Lollard, its fantastic attempt to link itself to

the past in Rienzi. But the immense life to which it woke again, after a sleep of centuries, in the French Revolution has made it one of the forces of our own political world. It stands now in direct opposition to the speech of Teutonic, of constitutional liberty, of the freedom based on custom and slow development, which, at the hour of Italian decadence, revived again in the Parliament of the Plantagenets. To Englishmen the eloquence of Garibaldi or Victor Hugo is almost unintelligible, but it is fair to remember that this type of free speech and not our own, the eloquence of sentiment rather than of reason, is the type which is dearest and most intelligible to half the lovers of freedom throughout the world.

It is time, perhaps, to return to the Baradello itself before we close. The long, hot climb to its summit is well repaid either by the view of the lake and city on the one side, or of the vast plain of Lombardy on the other. A sungleam in the distance lights up the great marble mass of the Duomo of Milan, and the ruins of the fortress among which we stand remind us how strangely the fortunes of the two cities were destined to be intertwined. Como gave to Milan the first race of her tyrants, the house of the Torriani, and it was by the refuge she afforded to the Visconti that these last were enabled, after the defeat of their opponents, to become masters of Central Italy. Tradition tells of the cruel fate of Napoleone della Torre, who, after his capture by the Visconti, was confined in an iron cage in this fortress

till he dashed out his brains against its walls. The original founder of the castle was, as we have seen, Barbarossa, and its ruins still recall the great struggle in which the Empire struggled in vain against the Lombard League. The verdict of success went with Milan and not with Como, and the judgment of after history has ranged itself for the most part on the side of Italian liberty. In later days the earlier emperors have been identified with the more recent "stranger from across the Alps," and Barbarossa has suffered for the tyranny of Radetsky. Even Sismondi regards the victory of Milan and her allies as an unmixed gain, whether to Italy or the world. But there is another side to the question, and the Baradello brings that other side forcibly to the front. The victory over the Emperor who built it was in the long run the starting-point for the tyrants who perished in it. The defeat of Barbarossa left no Italy, but a chaos of warring cities, each in itself a chaos of warring factions. That out of such a chaos came a mighty human impulse for the world, that commerce and letters and art sprang to new life among the turbulent broils of noble against trader, of merchant against craftsman, of Guelf against Ghibelline, of Neri against Bianchi, is unquestionably true. But no Italy could spring out of it, and the hopes of its greatest thinkers, such as Dante, wandered back to that over-ruling power of the past, that Empire controlling all while taking real independence from none, which the overthrow of Barbarossa had made a dream for ever.

Instead of it, the future brought the foul brood of tyrants under whom Italy sank into lifelessness and decay—the Torriani of Como, the Visconti of Milan, the Scaglieri of Verona, the Medici of Florence. There is no need to dispute the issue of the contest between the League and the Empire, or to reverse the verdict of history, but the historian will judge none the less fairly of either side in the struggle if he looks as from the Baradello fairly down on the imperialism of Como as well as the democracy of Milan.

ROCHESTER

(Oct. 8, 1870)

It is probable that one result of the present war will be to reveal England to a great many Englishmen who know every country in Europe save their own. The tourist who hesitates to cross from Dover may find some solace for his disappointment in a run through Kent. Canterbury will bear comparison with the grandest of French minsters, the leafy glades of Knole survive the wreck of the Bois de Boulogne, the bright windings of Medway are a Moselle without passports or convoys of sick and wounded from the seat of war. In the white cliffs of the Kentish coast, in the graceful festoons of its hop-gardens, the artist may find compensation for the steep of Ehrenbreitstein or the vineyards of the Rhine. The quiet little towns dotted along its rivers, indeed, are like the rest of English towns, poor rivals of those of the Continent. The power of the Crown, the submission of noble and burgher to the same law, the regular administration of justice from the earliest times, deprived English cities of

the exceptional position held by those abroad as strongholds in which industry and civil society took refuge from violence and brute force. With the exception of the feuds of Bristol with the Berkeleys, and perhaps those of Exeter with the Courtenays, the history of our boroughs furnishes no examples of that strife of the commune against the noblesse which plays so great a part in German history The rarity of civil war, the general security of the country, told fatally against the greatness of our towns. In Italy the nobles took refuge within the city walls, and the palazzi of their great houses are the glory of Florence or Verona. In France the insecurity of the country without forced wealthy burghers like Jacques Coeur at Bourges to spend their wealth on stately houses or churches within. But in England the country was as safe, whether for baron or burgher, as the town. While Florence was driving the Tuscan nobles from their mountain holds the squires of England were studding its fields with open manor houses. The wealthy English townsman of the fourteenth century, like the wealthy townsman of to-day, forsook the dark streets where he had amassed his wealth and aimed only at becoming a country gentleman. Other causes told in the same way, though in a less degree, against the picturesqueness of our towns. The Reformation in England was far more effective as an agent of destruction than the Revolution abroad; even in France the desecration of 1789 left in the bulk of cases the fabric of the

religious houses, while the demolition of our own Reformers swept fabric and monks away together. The few relics of historic or artistic interest which remained here found a yet more fatal foe in the industrial energy of the last century, while abroad the manufactory is but beginning to replace the castle, or the boulevard the town-wall. It is only in a few exceptional instances, therefore, such as those of Oxford, Lincoln, or Chester, that we can compare an English town with the towns of the Continent. Certainly Rochester can offer no claim to be reckoned among the number of exceptions. It is possible, indeed, that the death of Mr. Dickens might invest with some little interest the town whose memory seemed to haunt him through novel after novel, in whose neighbourhood he fixed the home of his later years, and in whose cathedral, but for the interposition of the Dean of Westminster, his body would have rested. But Rochester, to do it justice, has many claims on our attention besides its association with the great humorist. The first, undoubtedly, is the beauty of its site. The view from any height, such as that of the castle walls, is one of singular loveliness. It is impossible to forget the pleasant valley or the sinuous windings of Medway, its long loops of shining water edged from side to side by the low heights on either hand; in the distance the woods of Cobham; Gadshill right across, with its memories of Falstaff and Shakspeare; at our feet the broad full river itself, broad as the Thames at West-

minster, but bright and undefiled, and winding along its shore, like a brown-red ribbon, the narrow line of the town.

Rochester is, in fact, little more than a long narrow street; the higher plateaux of the eastern side of the river valley leave only a strand beside the Medway, and along this strand Rochester stretches itself as best it may. It is for the most part a dirty, disagreeable place, with a prevalent flavour of sailors and red-herrings, but not without elements of picturesqueness in the gables and deep cornices of seventeenth and eighteenth century houses which here and there break its monotony. At the south-western end of the town, where the heights come frankly up to the river, rises the square keep of the Castle. Few fortresses stand more nobly, few have so noble a river at their feet. It is from across the river that one best sees as a whole the massive walls which repulsed De Montfort. But it is only when one enters the keep itself that one realises its full grandeur. Unlike most of its English rivals, its proportions are perfectly preserved; it still rises more than a hundred feet from the ground. Within, the floors only are gone; huge arcades of the finest twelfth century work remain unimpaired as when the soldiers of Roger Leyburne passed beneath them. Not a fragment remains of the older castle of Bishop Odo, or of the keep which is said to have been built by Bishop Gundulf. Originally the castle of Rochester formed the first in the line of great fortresses by which the

Conqueror held the Thames. But its position as commanding the road from Dover to London had given it importance at a far earlier time. If we adopt the ingenious conjecture of Dr. Guest, it was the resistance of its predecessor, the Roman Durobrivis, portions of whose walls still remain embedded in its fortifications, which turned the march of the English conquerors of Kent up the Medway, and forced them to seek a passage and find the first of recorded English victories at Aylesford. The result of that victory seems to have been the surrender of the Roman town; and the new name of Rochester, Rofa's ceaster, commemorates perhaps that of the chieftain under whom it became the capital of a realm whose memory is preserved to us by the later diocese. It is one of the peculiar marks of the English Conquest that the map of England in the seventh century could with little change be recovered from the map of ecclesiastical England before the changes of Henry VIII. On the Continent, where the German conquerors simply settled among the conquered, the Church in its diocesan divisions still preserved the limits of the Roman province. Here, where the conquered were swept away, their Church and its organisation necessarily disappeared with them. When Augustine landed it was in a purely heathen country, and the one shelter of the missionaries lay in the protection of the converted kings. The bishop was, in fact, the royal chaplain, and his jurisdiction ran as far as the royal power extended. A victory,

as it widened the realm, extended the diocese; both shrank equally before a defeat. It is in this way that the ninety-nine parishes of the original diocese of Rochester preserve the memory of a forgotten kingdom of West Kent, and the episcopal see of Justus and Paulinus on the Medway marks the site of its capital. As it was the smallest of English realms, so its see was the smallest of English bishoprics till the changes of thirty years ago supplied the ecclesiastical reformers of the day with an opportunity of perpetrating one of their most characteristic blunders. Historical considerations were set contemptuously aside, the see of London was relieved by burdening Rochester with all Essex and a good part of Hertfordshire, the new episcopal palace of Danebury was erected on one side of the Thames while the Cathedral stood on the other. The result is just what one might expect. Danebury is so expensive that the see can only be taken by wealthy men; the present bishop declares the diocese unworkable, wishes to be on one side of the Thames or the other, and very naturally objects to be cut off from his own diocesan church; while a new suffragan has to be created in the arch-diocese of Canterbury to afford precisely that help to the Primate which his suffragans of Rochester, up to the Reformation, were accustomed to give.

The relation of the see of Rochester to the Primate exactly reflected, in fact, the relation of the kingdom which it represented to the kingdom of East Kent.

As Ethelbert was the overlord of the kingdom across the Medway, so Augustine was the overlord of Justus or Paulinus. It was from the Primate that the Bishop of Rochester received his pastoral staff; he was the Archbishop's chaplain and cross-bearer. The see itself was commonly filled by one of the Primate's immediate dependents or by a monk of Canterbury. The relation between the two dioceses was curiously expressed in the contrast and similarity of their two cathedral churches. As that of Canterbury is, taking its whole area, the largest of English cathedrals, so its dependent of Rochester is, with the single exception of those of Chichester and Wales, the smallest. On the other hand, the stamp of Canterbury influence is impressed, as Professor Willis has shown, on every part of the fabric. Its dedication to St. Andrew recalled the great convent of St. Andrew on the Coelian, from which its first bishop had followed Augustine. The open arches of the Norman triforium in its nave were probably imitated from those of the earlier Norman minster at Canterbury. The double transepts, the character of its early English work throughout, have the Canterbury stamp. Small as it is, the Cathedral is full of architectural and artistic interest. Of the original fabric completed by Bishop Gundulf after the Conquest only an isolated tower, probably the record tower of his cathedral, remains. But the extremities of the crypt can hardly be much later, and the west front is said to present a striking resemblance to the bishop's work at Malling. The

nave itself is a pure specimen of the later Romanesque which is found in such perfection at Bayeux, and probably dates from the same period. The rest of the Cathedral was erected after the great fire, which seems to have ruined the transepts and choir, towards the close of the reign of Henry II. Its most picturesque effect lies in the contrast between the narrow choir and the sudden burst of space as one emerges eastward on the choir transepts. In these and the short sacrarium beyond lies the chief beauty of the church; it would be difficult to imagine nobler First-pointed work than the transepts display. Two of the tombs are especially notable. That of Bishop John of Sheppey owes its singular preservation to having been fortunately bricked up during centuries of destruction. Some forty years ago a workman's pickaxe accidentally revealed its existence, and disclosed one of the very few specimens of really mediæval colouring which England possesses. A yet more interesting tomb—at least to Oxford men—is that of Walter de Merton, the founder of the first of Oxford colleges, whose curious effigy has for some unaccountable reason been removed, and placed in an adjoining recess. The figure is certainly a late one of the fifteenth century, but the cause of its removal remains a mystery. It is unfortunate that, while the interior of the Cathedral is so full of beauty and interest, its exterior should be so singularly disappointing. As one sees it from the Castle its insignificant size and the general baldness of its outline are almost painful;

while the central tower, which might have given grandeur to it as a whole, is unfortunately one of the most hideous creations of "modern Gothic." It would require perhaps more than human courage on the part of the Chapter to pull it down, but we cannot help hoping for such an effort from a Chapter that actually found the courage to put it up. Altogether —town, castle, cathedral—there is enough in Rochester to interest any one who cares to visit it through a very pleasant day.

KNOLE

(Aug. 26, 1871)

PEOPLE who shrink from a run round the world can find, like Xavier de Maistre, a good deal to amuse them in "a journey round their chamber," and the Londoner who is tired of being mobbed along the Rhine or fleeced in the Grindelwald has only to take an hour's ride out of town to light upon one of the loveliest of English parks and one of the most picturesque of English country houses. Much, no doubt, of the charm of Knole lies in its surroundings: the air is always fresh and keen on the high ground of Sevenoaks; the country round is a succession of fine parks, and wild, fern-clad commons; everywhere there is a look of the forest in the abundance of oak and beech and breaks of rougher country dark with firs, while height after height gives one wide views over the vast reach of the Weald of Kent as far as the Sussex Downs. The country is rich and prosperous, dotted with villages full of old timbered homesteads, and gables rough with curious devices in

plaster; with churches of no great note architecturally, but interesting from their brasses and tombs of knight and lady side by side at rest; with quaint mediæval manor houses like Ightam Moat, or modern houses like Chevening, ugly enough in themselves, but linked to our history by memories of Chatham or Camden. But Knole seems to sum up in itself the beauty and interest of the district around it. Artists haunt the place, as they well may do, and revel in the glades of its park, its marvellous beeches, the long oak avenue, the sweeps of bracken with the deer asleep in the sunshine. Even Walpole kindled into enthusiasm a hundred years ago at the sight of the great sycamore beside the gate-house, the tree "which makes one more in love than ever with sycamores." The house itself stands in the midst of the park, untouched by later alterations, and still in substance what Archbishop Bourchier left it in the fifteenth century save for its Jacobean gables and gilded vanes sparkling amongst the tree clumps. Few spots are richer in names and associations of the past. The manor had belonged to the patriot William Mareschal and the infamous Falkes de Breauté, before it passed to the family which Shakspeare has made familiar to us in the Lord Saye who figures in the rebellion of Jack Cade, and which derives its odd title of Saye and Sele from the village of Sele, a few miles off. The names of the archiepiscopal owners, Bourchier, Morton, and Warham, are notable in the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its

subsequent possession by the house of Dorset has associated it with the annals of English literature. The first earl was the Lord Buckhurst who wrote the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and originated the Elizabethan drama by his tragedy of *Gorbudoc*. The portraits still preserved in the Poet's Gallery recall the poets of the Restoration who gathered from Dryden to D'Urfey round the table of the last earl, the well-known patron of Prior.

So far as its fabric is concerned, Knole House remains, as we have said, substantially as the Archbishops left it, and few buildings bring home more forcibly the wealth and position of the Primates during the century which preceded the Reformation. From the days of Stephen Langton to those of Cranmer their ecclesiastical and political dignity had undoubtedly declined. The presence of Legates *a latere* in the realm, the immediate dependence of the religious orders on the Papal See, and their consequent exemption from the archiepiscopal jurisdiction, and, above all, the growing frequency of appeals from the Archiepiscopal Courts to the Roman Curia, had stripped much of its spiritual importance from the chair of St. Augustine. On the other hand, the establishment and growth of the English Parliament had at once superseded the Archbishops in their constitutional function as representatives of law and custom and the popular rights against the lawless tyranny of our earlier kings. Much of their older power returned with the Reformation. The severance

from Rome, the prohibition of appeals to the Papal Courts, again placed the Primates at the head of the Church of England; while their position as directors of the Ecclesiastical Commission gave them a direct and effective power over the clergy such as no Archbishop had possessed since the days of Theodore. A glance at their names illustrates easily enough the change in their position. There are few people who could not run off the list of primates from Lanfranc to Langton, or the after list from Cranmer to Laud; but we fancy few even among professed historians would like to commit themselves to a statement of the prelates who fill up the interval. Some, like Sudbury or Arundel, were undoubtedly men of no little ability—the later Primates occupied a high political rank as Ministers of the Crown. But their own distinctive position was for the time utterly gone, and for two centuries the Archbishops sink into great nobles and landowners. It was a time during which the value of all landed estates rose enormously, and the wealth of the see of Canterbury, if we may judge of it from the sums spent by its possessors on their houses in Kent, must have been enormous. In addition to the Palace at Canterbury, and their London manor-house at Lambeth, the last of which owes all its older work to this period, the Archbishops possessed sixteen great estates in Kent alone, and some of these, such as Maidstone, Wrotham, and Otford, were adorned with dwellings which can hardly have been inferior in magnificence to Knole.

On Otford, indeed, which stood hardly two miles from Knole, Warham expended £30,000 on the eve of the Reformation. But only one ivy-clad tower and a few broken walls remain to tell of the glories of Otford, while Knole remains utterly untouched. The site was acquired and the house built by Archbishop Bourchier, and the grandeur of his plans is shown in the extent of ground—between four and five acres, we believe—which it covers. No portion, however, of the present front belongs to the original edifice. The fine gate-house is probably due to Archbishop Morton, the founder of the yet grander gate-house at Lambeth, while the row of Elizabethan buildings which flank it on either side, somewhat to the injury of its architectural effect, are the work of the first Lord Buckhurst. Bourchier's own gate-tower divides the outer court which these buildings form from the inner court which leads to the hall, and its pretty oriel, inserted quaintly in the machicolations above it, has a picturesque effect which is somewhat wanting in the rest of the building. The great barn which flanks the stable-court is of the same date, and brings home to us the domestic economy of the great households of the fifteenth century, their rents in kind, and the flocks of retainers who ate their way in their master's train from manor to manor. The chapel with its large Perpendicular window belongs, like the kitchen, to Bourchier's building, and if the original woodwork of the roof is still in existence, it would be well to do

away with the modern plaster work which at present occupies its place.

Of the means by which this magnificent seat was wrested from the Archbishops, a curious record exists in the defence of Cranmer by his secretary Morice against the charge that he had diminished, by his prodigal surrenders to Henry VIII., the resources of his see. "As touching the exchanges," urges the Secretary, "men ought to consider with whom he had to do; especially with such a Prince as would not be bridled nor be gainsaid in any of his requests unless men would danger altogethers. I was by when Otford and Knole was given him. My Lord, minded to have retained Knole unto himself, said that it was too small a house for his Majesty. 'Marry,' said the King, 'I had rather have it than this house' (meaning Otford), 'for it standeth of a better soil. This house standeth low, and is rheumatic, like unto Croydon, where I could never be without sickness. And as for Knole, it standeth on a sound, perfect, wholesome ground; and if I should make mine abode there, as I do surely mind to do now and then, I will lie at Knole, and most of my house shall lie at Otford.' And so by this means both those houses were delivered up into the King's hands." We commend the scene to Mr. Froude for a future edition of his work; the English hero whom he has sketched with so loving a pen rivals in Mr. Morice's story the greed and oppression of a Turkish pasha. It was, in fact, a mere wanton spirit of robbery which drove Cranmer from his

much-loved dwelling-house. Knole was never occupied by Henry, and passed on lease from one favourite of the Crown to another, till it was granted by Elizabeth to her Treasurer, Lord Buckhurst, in whose family it has remained to the present day. The interior of the house belongs to the Sackvilles, as the exterior for the most part belongs to the Archbishops. The whole air of the place is of the seventeenth century; no modern changes have been suffered to intrude into its long narrow galleries, with their walls covered with portraits and their windows glowing with armorial bearings; its small chambers elaborately panelled, or hung with Flemish tapestry; its embayed windows looking out on formal gardens, its ebony cabinets, its embroidered chairs. Most of the furniture dates from the period of the Stuarts, and is as beautiful as it is curious. Those who believe, from a cursory knowledge of high-backed seats, that our grandmothers were more independent of comfort than their later descendents, will be amazed at the store of easy chairs with every possible appliance for comfort which they will find at Knole. The store of tapestry from the looms of Flanders and Mortlake, only a part of which is commonly shown to visitors, is almost endless, and some of it is of the highest artistic excellence. A large proportion of the portraits undoubtedly deserve Walpole's sneer, "They seem to have been bespoke by the yard and drawn all by the same painter"; but a few admirable Vandycks, one or two Gainsboroughs, and a large

number of works by Reynolds, redeem the collection as a whole from the charge of mediocrity.

The fifty-two staircases, the endless labyrinth of rooms and passages which we find at Knole are in themselves the best illustrations of the social life and position of the great nobles of the Tudor and Elizabethan periods. "My Lord's household," with its hundreds of retainers, its grooms and footmen, yeomen and ushers, its pages and attendants, its chaplains and "my Lord's favourite," formed almost a little army in itself. It was easy, out of the scores of servingmen around him, for a great peer to equip his troop of horse and plunge into treason or civil war. The numbers of his household, even the pomp and observance which distinguished his table and service, turned the family of a great nobleman into a petty Court, and isolated him from the lower orders of the State. Few social changes are more remarkable than the silent revolution which has altered the whole tone of aristocratic life in the curtailment of these vast households. Knole, as it stands now, is big enough to contain the families of three or four of our modern noblemen, and the stately galleries of presence, the hall and the Royal chambers, are abandoned as a show to sightseers. The social change in the position of our peers has been aided to no small extent by their own personal character. As a rule they have been content with the position of great landowners, and have left the political influence which, as a class, they might have wielded, to a small minority of their

order. It is curious, in tracing the lines of the greater English families, to note how few have concerned themselves, whether from want of will or want of ability, with the active administration of the State. Of the Earls and Dukes of Dorset, the first owner of Knole, Queen Elizabeth's treasurer, is the only one who ever occupied any great political position. Nor do the Sackvilles stand alone in this. Believers in hereditary ability will find it hard to explain why not a single Cecil has emerged from obscurity in the interval between Burleigh and his son and the present Marquis of Salisbury, or why no Marquis of Winchester has ever appeared on the stage of history since the days of Henry VIII. But the truth is, that in this comparative obscurity lies the safety of the English peerage. If intellectual activity were added to their great social position and their immense wealth, a conflict with the middle classes would become inevitable. Had they even been gathered round a Court, like the French noblesse of the older Monarchy, their order must have become a mark for envy and hatred. Their pride, their independence of the Crown, their aversion from politics, their love of country life, a certain commonplace type of character, has saved them, by reducing them for the most part to the rank of big landowners, hardly distinguishable, save by a few social privileges, from the general mass of country gentlemen around them. This may not be the position which Mr. Disraeli in his earlier days of enthusiasm desired for the nobility

of England. But it is a position which will probably enable them to weather democratic storms in which the noblesse of the Continent have gone down. Wealth, too, in their hands may take a refinement and grace which will be a corrective to the rougher sort of influence which it exercises in the hands of the commercial classes. The sentiment of antiquity, the instinctive reverence for the past, will always throw a certain charm and picturesqueness over great patrician houses like that of Knole.

MILMAN'S "ANNALS OF ST. PAUL'S"[1]

(Jan. 2, 1869)

EVEN the lightest pages of a work whose composition occupied the last few months of Dean Milman's life acquire a pathetic interest now that their author is taken from us, and they come to us as the voice of the dead. Such a work is necessarily sacred from criticism; we turn to it, indeed, rather with a personal than a merely literary interest, and the story of the great minster fades for the moment before the old man's recollections of the silver utterances of Bishop Porteous, of that hour of his boyhood when in the Cathedral which was destined to be his own he heard, or fancied he heard, "the low wail of the sailors who bore and encircled the remains of Nelson," or of the yet more silent moment when his own voice, answered by the response of thousands, "the sad combined prayer, as it were, of the whole nation," uttered words of hope and immortality over the grave of Wellington. Other

[1] *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, late Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray, 1868.

traces of old age, however, than these pleasant memories there are none. The book has all the freshness and vigour of the earlier works which won Dean Milman his fame. There are some passages, indeed, in which the genius of the great historian seems unable to confine itself within the narrow limits of his theme, and, in such broad and philosophic reflections as those on the reformers of the sixteenth or the preachers of the seventeenth century, to bequeath us stray pages of that history of Teutonic Christianity to which his greatest work points the way. But, with a few brilliant exceptions such as these, what is most wonderful in the *Annals of St. Paul's* is the power with which the Dean has grasped the exact subject he has chosen, and the artistic fidelity with which he has grouped men and events around it. From beginning to end it is what it purports to be, a history of the Cathedral; whatever their own inherent interest, bishop or citizen or Lollard are brought before us strictly in their relation to St. Paul's. To produce this unity of effect without sacrificing the interest of the story, is, of course, the mark of a really great writer; but even to a great writer such a task would be impossible if the subject were not in itself a great one. Dean Milman has grasped the greatness of a cathedral just because he, almost alone among modern deans, seems to have understood what a cathedral was and is. The book is such wonderfully pleasant reading that one may miss noticing the exquisite art with which every

element of mediæval society is brought within the precinct of the choir—bishop, canon, the choir-boys with their mysteries, mayor and aldermen in their gowns of scarlet or green, the burghers gathering in folk-mote beneath the bell tower, the preacher at the cross, the Lollard at the stake, John of Gaunt, now threatening Courtenay in the Lady Chapel, now resting quietly in the one royal tomb of St. Paul's, with his helmet and spear and shield hanging above him, merchants making their 'change in its nave, Latimer rating the Convocation from its pulpit, the fat buck brought in priestly procession with blowing of horns to the west door. All this varied and picturesque life of the past is not merely painted in antiquarian fashion, but swept into the general current of his history by the Dean's fine sense of historical continuity. A quiet phrase, such as "my predecessor, Dean Radulf de Diceto," expresses the whole tone of these Annals, but the tone is heightened in its effect by the fact that never was a writer more modern, more alive to the progress and sentiment of our own day. There is not a trace in these pages of the ignorance, either archæological or contemptuous, which alike divorces the present from the past. To Dean Milman the services which he organised beneath the dome seemed only the natural completion of the work which Bishop Maurice had begun amid the desolation of the Conquest. Between the two ran a stream of continuous life, ecclesiastical, literary, national, individual, varying in interest and

character with the ages through which it passed, but passing through the ages without a break.

In some ways the annalist of St. Paul's has singular difficulties to encounter. The Cathedral is the mother-church of the capital, and yet it never was the scene of royal coronations, of royal entombments, of any great national events. No Parliament ever met in its chapter-house; the one kingly sepulchre it claimed to possess was that of the most worthless of English kings, Ethelred the Unready. The truth is, this uneventful character of the early history of its Cathedral admirably illustrates the actual position of London in the Middle Ages. It is startling at first sight to find that the single fact we know about St. Paul's up to the Conquest is the pretty story told us by Bæda, when the heathen æthelings of the East Saxons demanded the "shining white bread" from Bishop Mellitus. But Essex was the most insignificant of the old English states, and whatever may have been the municipal or commercial importance of London, its Cathedral shares in the insignificance of the realm to which it belonged. Again, Winchester, and not London, was the capital of the house of Cerdic, and the upgrowth of the great national kingdom under Athelstan and Eadgar brought no memorable events to St. Paul's. In the Confessor's day, indeed, the glories of Winchester passed to the banks of the Thames, but it was Westminster, and not London, which profited by the change. Westminster was the royal town, the

church of St. Peter, the scene of royal coronations, as it soon became the mausoleum for royal tombs. The interest of St. Paul's, therefore, is, with one great exception, simply the interest which attaches to an ordinary cathedral, but it is in his realisation of this interest that the chief merit of Dean Milman's work is to be found. The sketch of its capitular constitution, indeed, though evidently written with much care and research, is its least satisfactory portion. In such a remark, for instance, as that its priests "constantly bore the name of Canons, or improperly Prebendaries, from the prebends or portions attached to each stall," the Dean clearly does not see that in their relation to the Cathedral it was prebendary, and not canon, which was the more proper name of the two. But all this vagueness and uncertainty is atoned for by the vigorous picture of the actual ecclesiastical life which went on in and round the Cathedral. Its walled precinct was, in fact, a distinct town in itself, with its own population, jurisdiction, and laws. The capitular buildings clung, as usual, to the south of the Cathedral; westward of them lay the houses of the residentiaries and the deanery, with its gardens sweeping down to the river. At the north-west angle lay the bishop's palace, looking down on the little chapel of Gilbert Becket, and a stately cloister around whose walls ran the famous Dance of Death. It is with the bishops that the history of St. Paul's begins; the Cathedral itself was their creation; one

tower of its western front, the true Lollard tower, which has been superseded in popular fame by a rival at Lambeth, remained to the seventeenth century the episcopal prison.

It is remarkable how great a position as head of the civic community seemed open to the bishops, and how little they availed themselves of it. Roger the Black, indeed, acted as the spiritual organ of the municipality in his excommunication of the Caorsin usurers, and the city assented to his assessment for the support of the clergy,—an arrangement which remained unaltered to the Great Fire. But the character of the bishops, with few exceptions obscure and inferior men, prevented them from rising to any civic power, while their influence over their own cathedral died with their removal to Fulham. Within the chapter itself we find the usual story going on—the gradual withdrawal of the mass of prebendaries, and the concentration of authority and wealth in the hands of the few residentiaries, although we know of no parallel to the audacious attempt made to exclude the Dean from a voice in the chapter on the ground that he possessed no prebend. The one distinction, in fact, of St. Paul's up to the Reformation arises from its connection with the great city which claimed it for its mother church. Even to the seventeenth century the London burghers made their pilgrimage "upon a solemn scarlet day" to the tomb of Bishop William, whose intercession had won from the Conqueror that

precious bit of parchment still preserved in the archives of Guildhall, which confirmed to the Bishop and Portreeve the freedom and laws they had held in King Edward's days. At his solemn inauguration the Lord Mayor visited in its churchyard the tomb of one of his earliest predecessors, the father of St. Thomas of Canterbury. At Whitsuntide the great civic procession strewed again the altar with costly offerings. But it was not in tomb or altar that London found the bond that linked it closest to its church. To the east of the precinct lay the open space where, summoned by the great bell of the detached campanile, the burghers met in their folk-mote, once at least, for the election of a king. In the open space beneath its western front they mustered in arms. The wars, the councils of the city went on under the shadow of the Cathedral; and to those who remember how English freedom seemed, at every critical stage of its earlier history, to hang on the will of the citizens of London, and how strenuously and constantly that will was exerted on the side of liberty, these two open spaces will seem hardly less sacred ground than the Cathedral itself.

It was the Reformation which first gave ecclesiastical dignity to St. Paul's. The traditions of Augustine, of Theodore, of Dunstan, had given a superiority to Canterbury which in the twelfth century, when Foliot dared to challenge its supremacy, was decisively confirmed by the murder of St. Thomas. London was proud of the citizenship of

the great martyr. "Me quæ te peperi, ne cessa, Thoma, tueri," was graven on one of its civic seals—but his death was the end of its spiritual pretensions. From the days of Wycliffe, however, our religious history finds its fullest expression in St. Paul's. The great reformer himself makes his first public appearance and defence in the Lady Chapel. The obscure line of deans quickens at the name of Colet. The whole battle of the Reformation is fought out between Paul's Cross and the Lollards' Tower. To Bonner Dean Milman is, of course, fairer than the vulgar controversialists of Exeter Hall, but he omits the striking fact which Foxe gives us, that Bonner was the first prelate who fixed Bibles in his cathedral church for public reading. Three of the Elizabethan deans left their mark on our Church history—Nowell in his Catechism, Overall in his Convocation Book, Donne in those strange sermons on death that drew all London to hear them. To the Cathedral itself the Reformation was simply ruin, and what was left by the Reformation and the restorations of Inigo Jones found its final doom in the neglect of the great Rebellion. The fire which swept away the fabric of Bishop Maurice only anticipated the destruction which was at hand, for its rebuilding had already been resolved on and plans actually prepared. The Dean tells in great detail the story of the new cathedral, and of the miserable ingratitude which awaited its architect. It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that the heavy railing which disfigures

its exterior was erected in spite of Wren's remonstrance, and that the contemptible balustrade over the plinth was forced on him in spite of his emphatic sneer, "Ladies think nothing well without an edging." To the very close, indeed, the book is full of vigour and life. We could have wished that, though left unfinished by the death of its author, it were not disfigured, not merely by a host of misprints, but by some blunders which the Dean's *secundæ curæ* would certainly have removed. "Henry of Huntingdon" is quoted for the Saracen parentage of St. Thomas instead of Robert of Gloucester. "A prelate, with a Saxon name Ceadda, brother of St. Chad of Lichfield, looms dimly through the darkness." Chad, we need hardly say, was Ceadda himself, and the brother in question was Cedd, a perfectly well-known person in the pages of Bede. In the odd phrase, "He was, it is said, of the ancient Hiberno-Scotic descent," we presume "descent" means "succession." The dates are one series of blunders; Bishop William was consecrated in "1104," the Conquest following shortly after. The date of Archbishop Robert's death has got jumbled up with that of Stigand's, 1070. Geoffry, Bishop of Coutances, figures as "Godfrey." Lanfranc's Council of St. Paul's "may be held the first full ecclesiastical parliament of England"—only, we should think, by those who think that English history begins with 1066. In the 13th century, "commune consilium," as we suppose the phrase runs, is hardly to be

rendered "The Common Council of London"—an institution which did not exist till a hundred years after. The book, in fact, wants careful revision; but it is pleasant to know that the last work of Dean Milman, his legacy to the great church which he ruled, is worthy alike of the subject and of his fame.

GREAT YARMOUTH[1]

(June 15, 1872)

YARMOUTH has been fortunate in her local antiquaries from Manship down to Dawson Turner; and Mr. Palmer, to judge from the book before us, is in carefulness and accuracy of research fully equal to the best of his predecessors. Of the two fields of inquiry which an English town presents he has chosen, indeed, the humbler and less pretending one. The constitutional history of our boroughs still for the most part awaits its historian, for even the stirring municipal revolutions of London have not as yet found any one to do for them what Thierry did for those of Amiens or Laon. In the case of Yarmouth the attraction of the story is undoubtedly very great. It presents almost a unique instance of what is common enough abroad —the town dependent on another town. The relation of the Cinque Ports to their subject municipalities on the Southern coast was almost

[1] *The Perlustration of Great Yarmouth with Gorleston and Southtown.* By Charles John Palmer, F.S.A. Vol. I. Great Yarmouth: George Nall. 1872.

exactly equivalent to that of the Hanseatic League towards the dependent ports along the coast of North Germany, but their control over Yarmouth had the peculiarity of being exercised only during a limited period of the year. Throughout the whole time of its great herring-fair, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, the higher justice of the town remained in the hands of two of the Cinque Ports barons; and even after the Charter of King John had conferred on Yarmouth the full privileges of self-government, the only concession which could be wrested from the great merchant league of the South was that the town-bailiffs should be joined with its own in the exercise of their oppressive jurisdiction. Struggle followed struggle, and on one occasion a bailiff of the Cinque Ports was killed in the streets of Yarmouth; but it was not till the time of the Great Rebellion that the yoke was finally shaken off. Edward Owner, who plays the most conspicuous part in its history during the Civil Wars, seems to have been the leader in this effort of municipal patriotism; he was accused before the Earl Marshal, on the very verge of the greater national struggle, of having received the bailiffs with "insolency," and "infringed their rights and privileges in place and precedency," and he was no doubt the instigator of the refusal of Yarmouth to contribute to the annual compensation for their expenses. Perhaps the only parallel to so late a struggle for municipal freedom is to be found in the

effort made by both Oxford and Cambridge at the opening of the Civil War to shake off the supremacy of their Universities; but while this effort failed, that of Yarmouth was rewarded with success, for we find no record of any visit from the officers of the Cinque Ports after 1662. Nor is it only in its outer history that Yarmouth recalls the Hanse Towns. The source of its mercantile prosperity was the same as that of the great German League. The weavers of Flanders seem to have made a settlement in the town during the reign of Henry I., but its real prosperity dates from the moment when it took to herring-curing. There is a touch of the mythical in the alleged origin of the famous "Yarmouth Bloater." "At a time," Nash tells us in his *Lenten Stuffe*, "when chimneys were not and when coal was unknown, a fire of wood was placed in the centre of the principal room of the house, and the smoke was allowed to escape through the roof, a fisherman who had hung up several rows of fresh herrings, and forgotten to take them down for some time, found them, when he did so, of a golden colour, and the meat deliciously cured." There is in Nash's tale a smack of Charles Lamb and his account of the discovery of roast pig; but, whatever the origin of it, the process of curing remained confined to Yarmouth for many centuries, and its great herring-fair drew dealers not only from England, but from France and the Low Countries. The port seems to have attained its greatest import-

ance in the fourteenth century, when it furnished Edward III. with a larger number of vessels and mariners than any other single town along his coasts. But even two hundred years later the commercial features of Yarmouth are described in a striking passage from a contemporary pamphlet by Tobias Gentleman on English trade:—

Hither, he says, "do resort all the fishermen of the Cinque Ports, and all the rest of the west countrymen of England, as far as Bridport and Lyme in Dorsetshire; and these herrings that they take they do not barrel because their boats are but small things, but sell all unto the Yarmouth herring-buyers for ready money; and also the fishermen of the north countries beyond Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay, and some as far as the Bishoprick of Durham, do hither resort yearly in poor little boats called five-men cobles; and all the herrings that they take, they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth men to make red herrings. Also to Yarmouth do daily come into the haven up to the key, all or most part of the great fleet of Hollanders, that go in sword-pinks, Holland-toads, crab-skuits, walnut-shells, and great and small yeures, one hundred and two hundred sail at a time; and all the herrings that they do bring in, they sell for ready money to the Yarmouth men; and also the Frenchmen of Picardy and Normandy, some hundred sail of them at a time do come hither, and all the herrings they catch they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth herring-mongers for ready gold; so that it amounteth unto a great sum of money that the Hollanders and Frenchmen do carry away yearly from Yarmouth into France and Holland"; and he complains that the Hollanders, not content with taking the fish when quick, take them again when dead, for when the Yarmouth buyers had converted the catch into red herrings, they again stepped in and conveyed them to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Toulon, and other places.

"In all His Majesty's dominions," adds the writer,

"there is not any town comparable unto it for brave buildings." It is curious that the eulogy seems to have been deserved for some time longer, and that, in spite of its narrow rows and gridiron ground-plan, Yarmouth at the opening of the Georgian era was still looked up to as pre-eminent in beauty among its commercial rivals.

With such matters, however, Mr. Palmer meddles little. The field which he has chosen is one of less general interest though of great local value; he wanders, in fact, up and down the various streets of the town, noting the past history of almost every house, and registering the past fortunes of their successive inhabitants. The mass of information which he has accumulated in this way, immense as it is, is a little burdensome to the general reader; but there are some leading facts which at once strike one in wading through it. One is, the importance of the great civic functions of towns like these. In a rough way we are in the habit of setting town against country, and of identifying the democratic principle with the one and the oligarchic with the other. But whatever truth such a contrast may possess nowadays, there is only one short period in the past history of our English boroughs up to 1832 in which it possesses any truth at all. The period of the communal revolution, which was in fact only one phase of the great movement towards progress and liberty which found its representative in Simon de Montfort, is the only break in the oligarchic character of our municipal

institutions. The merchant Guild which preceded it was, in fact, reproduced in the civic Corporations and Common Councils which followed it. Till the Municipal Reform Act, in fact, the government of English boroughs rested wholly in the hands of a knot of wealthy families, by whom the municipal property was distributed for the benefit of the freemen. It is curious how little research has been expended on these great civic houses, and how generally their very existence is forgotten. In Oxford, for instance, the wisdom of the civic authorities has within living memory swept away the name of "Pennyfarthing Street" as ridiculous and vulgar, and replaced it by that of "Pembroke," from the adjacent college. But the older name was really that of an illustrious city family, the Penyverthings, whose memory was preserved by it, as that of another family of the same eminence is still preserved in the "Peckwater" Quadrangle of Christchurch. Mr. Palmer has, at any rate, made blunders of sheer ignorance in such matters nearly impossible in Yarmouth. The Cubitts are a good instance of the industry with which he has traced the fortunes of a family which still remains essentially of the commercial class. As early as the fourteenth century we find a Cubitt joining the insurgents in the great communal rising which bears in common history the name of Wat Tyler. Throughout the hundred years which follow, the family seems to have held a certain ecclesiastical rank, and not only

to have given vicars to a good many Norfolk livings, but even an abbot to the great monastery of St. Benet at Holme. About the time of the Reformation a branch of it seems to have been settled in Yarmouth, and to have given bailiffs to the town under Elizabeth. From this moment the name is constantly found in the records of the Corporation, and John Cubitt seems to have played a conspicuous part among his fellow-townsmen during the Great Rebellion. He was probably a Royalist, as we find him appointed to assess ship-money in two of the wards, and at a later period dismissed from office for "having removed his habitation out of the town," which was then strongly Parliamentarian, for a whole year, so as to escape his share in the common burdens. The connection of another great mercantile house, that of the Gurneys, with Yarmouth is of a weaker kind, though one of the name bears in some pedigrees the name of "Baro de Yarmouth," and the family seems to have had for a time the castle in its hands. A name, however, of far wider notoriety illustrates in a very remarkable way the character of these local oligarchies, and the ease with which the absence of any such marked distinction between the two classes as prevailed in the feudalised countries of the Continent enabled the merchant to become the country gentleman, or the country gentleman the merchant. A Fastolfe or Falstaff was Bailiff of Yarmouth in 1281, another is among the first of its representatives in Parliament, and from that time members of the

family filled the highest municipal offices. John Fastolfe, a man of considerable account in the town, purchased lands at the close of the fourteenth century in Caistor, and became the father of Sir John Fastolfe, who, after a distinguished military career, was luckless enough to give his name to Shakspeare's famous character. In Yarmouth, however, he was better known as a benefactor to the great Church of St. Nicholas. A chasuble "of cloth of gold and eleven tunics" were a gift which must have endeared the memory of the worthy knight to the mediæval devotees of his native town.

In a book of this kind nothing is more curious than to see the little glimpses of life which peep out through the antiquarian details of its pages. Among the Yarmouth families, for instance, we find the ancestors of the present Lord Dudley and Ward, a house whose origin adds a new story to the romance of the peerage. A younger son of the house, who had settled under the first of the Stuarts as a goldsmith in Cheapside, founded its greatness by purchasing for a song the contents of two sacks of rough diamonds:—

Standing one day at his shop door, as was then the custom, he asked a sailor who was staring at the display of jewelry, whether he wanted to purchase anything, to which the man replied he did, but must first sell what he had in his bag. Being invited into the back shop, the sailor astonished Ward by pouring out a number of rough diamonds. A bargain was soon struck, and Ward invited the sailor and some of his messmates to supper at a tavern, where they were all very merry; and

before parting the sailor promised to bring another bag of similar stones the next morning, which he did, and parted with them on the same easy terms. Ward then became a money-lender and was resorted to, among others, by Lord Dudley, who had greatly impaired his fortune. The jeweller suggested that his lordship might be accommodated without loss, by a match between the lender's son, Humble Ward (named after his maternal grandfather, Richard Humble of Surrey) and the granddaughter and sole heir of Lord Dudley. The marriage was arranged, and the jeweller's son became the husband of Frances, daughter and sole heir of Sir Fernando Sutton, who on the death of her grandfather became Baroness Dudley in her own right; and her husband was created by Charles I. Baron Ward, and he was the ancestor of the Lords Dudley and Ward.

A curious trace of the tenacity of mediæval life is seen in the "hallooing of largesse," which lasted long after the beginning of the present century. After harvest-time the farm-labourers of the neighbourhood came into the town, asking for gratuities from the tradesmen of their employers. The present was rewarded by "hallooing largesse." A circle was formed in front of the house, the men taking hands and shouting, at a given signal, "Largesse!" as loudly as they could, raising at the same time their hands in the air at each shout. Side by side with this relic of the Middle Ages, we may place the odd account of the introduction of Methodism into Yarmouth. Olivers—was this the famous poet of the movement?—was the first missionary who attempted its introduction, and his attempts were rudely repulsed. "When he left the house in which he had taken refuge, he found women ranged at the doors on each side holding basins, the contents of

which, not very clean, were dashed at him as he passed." Howell Harris was more successful. He appeared in Yarmouth as a captain of Welsh Fusiliers, till chance turned him into a member of the church militant:—

On his arrival he inquired what had been done to introduce Methodism, and was informed of the ill-treatment which Olivers had received. Harris adopted the following device to obtain a hearing. He employed the town-crier to give notice that at a particular hour a Methodist would preach in the market-place. At the time named a savage mob assembled, armed with bludgeons and brickbats, who swore if the preacher appeared he should never leave the town alive. Harris, who was then exercising his men at a short distance, after dismissing them, mingled with the crowd and inquired the reason for such an assemblage. He was told that a Methodist preacher had been expected, and that it was well he had not come, as he would certainly have been killed. Harris told them that by their leave he would address them himself, and a table having been procured, he mounted upon it, attired as he was in regimentals, and so astonished his hearers by the novelty of the exhibition, and so softened them by his eloquence, that they were induced to listen, and he was allowed to finish his discourse without molestation.

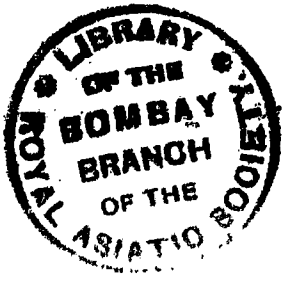
A very different arrival in Yarmouth furnishes a good story of Lord Nelson. A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him, the town-clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book. Shocked at the legal impropriety he said, "Your right hand, my lord." "That," observed Nelson, "is at Teneriffe." From these later details we may turn back to earlier

times. Some of the Reformation stories give us the "rough side" of the event. In 1535, for instance—

Whilst Sir Cotton, a priest, was preaching a sermon in the parish church, William Swanton, a chaplain, openly denounced the practices of Rome, maintaining that no honour should be given to saints, or to the pictures or images of them within the church; that a Christian man profited nothing by praying for their intercession; and ended by saying that holy water was 'good sauce for a capon." He was supported by twenty-four persons, and a great tumult took place. Six years afterwards four merchants openly derided the elevation of the Host, speaking "heretical words"; and Thomas Hammond, a fish-merchant, bargained with one Thomas Alleyn for the sale of a last of white herrings within the church during divine service. These disorders called for suppression, and the offenders were fined; and the Corporation made an order that whoever thereafter disturbed or "disquieted" any preacher, "should be committed to ward, there to remain at the discretion of the bailiffs."

Recent investigators into the "vestment" question may find some interest in one Richard Bohun, a churchwarden in the time of Edward VI., whom we find selling "so moche churche plate as extended to the sum and value of one hundred marks," which money was spent on the haven, but he was enjoined not to sell any more plate, jewels, ornaments, or bells, "the like of which could never be replaced." We should greatly like to know what became of Falstaff's chasuble and tunicles. A mass of curious information has been accumulated by Mr. Palmer on the subject of inn signs, but of no specially local character. On the whole the book is a worthy and accurate one. We notice with some surprise an odd

"Earl Guert," as Harold's brother, and another Guador as "a Saxon Earl," which is certainly the unluckiest of blunders. Mr. Palmer, too, evidently believes in one of his notes that inns as places of public entertainment sprang from the dissolution of the monasteries. We are afraid that Chaucer's pilgrims started from the "Tabard" some little time before that event, whenever it occurred. These, however, are trifles in so great a mass of facts, and we have only to hope that Mr. Palmer will complete the work which he has begun.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ST. EDMUNDSBURY AND THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

(July 31, 1869)

It is a fortunate thing for archæology that the Archæological Institute has at last exhausted the list of cathedral cities, and has been driven to hold its annual meetings in towns such as Lancaster and St. Edmundsbury. In a cathedral town, the ecclesiastical element necessarily overpowers the rest. The Guildhall, the Jews' House, even the Castle itself, are dwarfed into insignificance beside buildings such as those of Canterbury or Ely. We hardly know an English town richer in objects of Roman or mediæval interest than Lincoln, but in Lincoln it is difficult to linger long over anything when one's eye is drawn ever upward to the great minster of St Hugh. We can scarcely blame the Institute then if, meeting as it did in episcopal cities, it has given but a limited attention to the vigorous protests of Mr. Parker and Mr. Clarke on behalf of domestic or military art, while it has thrown itself without reserve into the ecclesiastical researches of Professor Willis, Mr. Freeman,

or Mr. Sharpe. Beneath the shadow of a great cathedral such a result is, as we have owned, inevitable, and in a purely artistic sense there can be little doubt that much has been gained. But the result is none the less to be deplored in the interest of archæology and of history. Archæology has been more and more abandoned to country parsons and old maids simply because men take it at its own valuation, and look on it, not as any broad and general investigation of the past, but simply as a study of ecclesiastical architecture slightly tempered by an enthusiasm for Roman camps and old helmets. It is impossible to interest serious men in its pursuit so long as the real life of the people, their homes, their trades, their struggles against oppression, their long weary battle for self-government, are set contemptuously aside for fights over mouldings and endless discussions over conventual drains. Unhappily too, though naturally enough, the same tendency has passed from archæology into history. History, we are told by publishers, is the most unpopular of all branches of literature at the present day, but it is only unpopular because it seems more and more to sever itself from all that can touch the heart of a people. In mediæval history, above all, the narrow ecclesiastical character of the annals which serve as its base, instead of being corrected by a wider research into the memorials which surround us, has been actually intensified by the partial method of their study, till the story of a great people seems likely to be lost in the mere squabbles

of priests. Now there is hardly a better corrective for all this to be found than to set a man frankly in the streets of a simple English town, and to bid him work out the history of the men who have lived and died there. The mill by the stream, the tolls in the market-place, the brasses of its burghers in the church, the names of its streets, the lingering memory of its guilds, the mace of its mayor, tell us more of the past of England than the spire of Sarum or the martyrdom of Canterbury. We say designedly of the past of England, rather than of the past of English towns. In some respects, undoubtedly, a Continental town is an object of far greater interest than any English one. England can offer no such grand records of continuous municipal life on its largest scale as meet us in Italy or along the Rhine. Even towns like Le Mans or Chartres, with their Celtic sites crowned in unbroken series with minsters and walls and houses which carry the eye quietly along from the tenth century to the Renaissance, are utterly wanting here. But in Italy, in Germany, in France, town history, notable as it is in itself, has little connection with, and so throws little light upon, the general history of the country around. In England the history of the town and of the country are one. The privilege of the burgher has speedily widened into the liberty of the people at large. The municipal charter has merged in the great charter of the realm. All the little struggles over toll and tax, all the little claims of "custom" and franchise, have

told on the general advance of liberty and law. The town-motes of the Norman reigns tided free discussion and self-government over from the Witenagemot of the old England to the Parliament of the new. The husting court, with its resolute assertion of justice by one's peers, gave us the whole fabric of our judicial legislation. The Continental town lost its individuality by sinking to the servile level of the land from which it had isolated itself. The English town lost its individuality by lifting the country at large to its own level of freedom and law. When Thierry or Sismondi paint for us the glories of Amiens or of Florence they recall from the past a great human effort after good government which has flitted like a dream. When we spell out the obscure struggles of a town like St. Edmundsbury, we are looking on at the beginnings of our own England of to-day.

In one sense, indeed, St. Edmundsbury might seem to come under the condemnation we just now pronounced upon cathedral cities. Undoubtedly its most apparent interest is ecclesiastical. The stranger hurries first to the great abbey whose ruins lie at the foot of the low slope on which the trim little town is built. In themselves the ruins are disappointing enough; as at Reading the ashlar has disappeared; not a pillar, not an inch of carved stone, breaks the huge shapeless masses that mark the site. It is their extent which is so wonderful. From the Abbot's Gate to the Abbot's Bridge one wanders over garden and field, strewn with the broken frag-

ments of church and refectory and cloister, and broken, shapeless as they are, each fragment calls up some historic recollection. The bridge itself, graceful beyond all bridges that we know, bears by a pleasant anachronism the name of Abbot Sampson. The gate, with its beautiful panel-work vibrating between the English and Continental forms of Third-pointed, recalls by as doubtful a legend the memory of the last great struggle of the town in the rising of Wat Tyler. In the rough field where once stood the choir, one guesses from the great piers of the tower arch the site of the high altar where Langton displayed to the barons the charter of King Henry. Nor, complete as is the ruin of the place, is it really deficient in architectural interest. The mere measurement of the space once covered by its nave raises the abbey-church into the first rank of ecclesiastical buildings. If the ingenious restoration of Mr. Parker is to be admitted, its west front must have rivalled the majesty of Peterborough. We have already noticed the beautiful detail of its abbey-gate, but the chief glory of St. Edmundsbury lies in what was, we believe, more strictly the gate of the abbot. In stately grandeur, in refinement of decoration, in perfect proportion, we know hardly any Romanesque work in England to rival it. We must add that we know no instance of modern ingenuity to rival the simple but effective means which have been taken to rob it of all proportion whatever. It is not easy to ruin twelfth century work. Its massiveness foils the

efforts of the ordinary restorer, unless, like M. Robert at Falaise, he pulls it down altogether and puts up a sham in its place. But the good folk of Bury set about matters in a simpler way. They have raised the level of the ground round the gate-tower, till it stands in a queer sort of little hole, robbed of some five or six feet of its lower story. The effect is to hide from the eye half of the exquisite columns of its base, and to throw the whole building out of proportion. If any one wishes to see the tower he must trust to no photograph, but go right up to it, put his head over a railing, and admire the ingenuity and expense with which well-meaning people have made it as difficult as possible to see it from top to bottom. Seriously, we would ask whether by simply lowering the ground to its old level—a thing of perfectly easy execution and of little cost—this grand relic of the past may not have restored to it that grandeur of proportion which is now so grievously impaired. We make the appeal with the less reluctance because it is plain that the people of Bury take a great pride in the architectural glories of their town. It is rare to see almost side by side such magnificent churches as those of St. Mary and St. James, and it is still rarer to see a restoration so judiciously and carefully executed as Mr. Scott's restoration of the last. Both are of that noble Third-pointed which gives such peculiar majesty to long-drawn naves like theirs. What is remarkable about both is the absence of a tower. Magnificent

as they are, the great abbey-church seems to have felt that it had nothing to fear from their rivalry; but in denying them the crowning glory of a Perpendicular church, it asserted its supremacy in the most effective way. Their exterior is as tame as their interior is noble.

This relation of the abbey-church to its parochial offshoots is very much like the historic relation of the abbey to the town. We cannot detail here the incidents of the long struggle between the two, which twice over brought about the sack and the ruin of the great house. But the presence of the Mayor of Bury preceded in unusual state by no less than four maces, was itself the very crown of the town's history. During all the five centuries of dispute there seems to have been very little downright cruelty or oppression of the Continental type on the part of the convent. The monks, in fact, were as a rule kind landlords, ready to do anything for the town if the town would only waive all claims of self-government. In a word, they would build the church as fine as it liked, but they had no notion of granting it a tower. The town, on the other hand, had no notion of doing without one. Grumblings, concessions, usurpations, lawsuits, bitterness, riots, downright war, all turn on the desire of the abbey not to oppress the town, but to play the benevolent despot, and to keep it in perpetual babyhood. Till the Reformation the abbey held its own. It is a fact which has never yet been noted that, whatever

other aspects it may have, the Reformation on one of its sides was a very effective Municipal Reform Act. The ecclesiastical towns were the only towns which had failed to struggle into independence, and it was the Reformation which in their case first forced the "dead hand" of the Church, and turned the one alderman of Bury, the nominee and deputy of the Lord Abbot, into the present Mayor with his fourfold grandeur of maces. In its way, therefore, Bury affords a good opportunity for studying a rather peculiar development of municipal life, and we are glad that in the meeting of the Institute this new ground was to some extent broken by papers on the history of the town, of its Jews' House, and of its Guilds. We welcome this the more as a fair beginning of what may be a new future for the Institute. Its chief faults lie in indefiniteness and junketing. Of the last we say little; so long as people look on an archæological meeting as a sort of bigger picnic, one must endure a certain amount of luncheon and flirtations. The indefiniteness is more easily curable. The chief object of a meeting at any particular place is, one would suppose, to work out the history and archæology of a place on the spot itself. With a little previous concert and arrangement this might be far more effectually done than is now the case. As it is, the neighbourhood profits at the expense of the actual place of meeting. Everything is sacrificed to the excursions: the morning meetings are too early, the evening meetings too

late, and the only papers which receive much attention are those which are read in the sunshine, to the genial accompaniment of the clatter of forks and the fizz of champagne. We fear we can only come back to the same point again which we dismissed just now. All this junketing may be fine fighting, but it is not war. Luncheon and flirtations, even in an Archæological Institute, are not archæology. What running from one big house to another big house tends to promote is simply idleness and a certain tendency to flunkeyism. In a free and enlightened country like our own it is, we know quite well, useless to protest against lords taking the chair. But it may be useful to point out the delicate refinements which this simple English practice brings in its train. In the programme of the Institute we notice three luncheons—one offered by a marquis, one by a baronet, and one by a mayor. Why, we ask with deference, but with a curious interest—why, when the members are "most kindly invited" by the marquis, when they are "kindly invited" by the baronet, are they to be simply "received" by the mayor?

THE MUNICIPAL HISTORY OF LONDON[1]

(June 19, 1869)

THE reappearance, after an interval of forty years, of so well-known a book as Mr. Norton's *Commentaries* enables us to measure the enormous advance which has been made during the interval in the knowledge of municipal history. At the date of its first publication, the annals of London, as they were drawn by writers like Maitland from chroniclers like Grafton and Hall, disclosed little more than a monotonous succession of civic junketings, while for a general inquiry into the subject of borough life materials could only be found in the meagre treatises of Brady and Madox, or in the larger and more recent compilation of Stephens and Merewether—treatises as polemic in spirit as they were antiquarian in form, and really directed, not to the investigation of municipal history in itself, but solely to those conditions or restrictions of municipal suffrage by which it told on the general politics of the realm. The

[1] *Commentaries on the History, Constitution and Chartered Franchises of the City of London.* By George Norton. Third edition, revised. London: Longmans and Co. 1869.

great collections of Thierry and the well-known prefaces which first gave a philosophic basis to the study of communal institutions were still unknown on this side of the Channel, and Sir Francis Palgrave had done little more than hint at his conclusions in a few reviews. To explore the history of London, therefore, in 1828 was simply impossible, and Mr. Norton did wisely in looking for firm ground in a running commentary on the long series of charters which recorded the gradual steps of its advance. Since that time, however, a mass of new materials has accumulated, in which the actual life of the great city stands revealed to us; the researches of M. Delpit among its archives, the edition of the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* by Mr. Stapleton, have been followed and completed by the publication of the *Liber Albus* and the *Liber Custumarum* in the series of the Master of the Rolls. Of this immense addition, however, to our knowledge the new issue of Mr. Norton's *Commentaries* knows absolutely nothing, while the revision announced in its title has left every page disfigured by historical blunders which would disgrace a schoolboy. Hengest, for instance, "established his government over Kent, Essex, and Middlesex, and fixed upon Canterbury as his capital in preference to London." "Egbert fixed upon this city as the seat of his residence and the metropolis of his empire." Heriot is called a "Danish" burden. "The Bishop, who acted as a magistrate, was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury." It is needless, however,

to prolong a list of errors which occur on every page of the earlier part of this volume—errors no doubt inevitable at a time when Hume could be cited as the source of information for our earlier history; but we can hardly think that the Corporation of London have exercised a wise liberality in encouraging a mere reprint. Some effort might at least have been made in this third edition to bring the book up to the historical level of to-day.

The municipal history of London divides itself into two great periods—the period of communal development and that of mercantile restriction. The first ranges from the very dawn of its English history to the date of the battle of Evesham and the close of the Barons' war. The modern life of London seems to have begun in the revival of its commercial activity after the settlement of the Danes; its political importance as "the capital" dates only from the eve of the Conquest and the settlement of the Confessor at Westminster. That, like the bulk of the English towns, it had ever formed part of the royal demesne, there is the very strongest ground for doubting. The first step towards freedom in the ordinary history of boroughs is the commutation of the unlimited demands which could be made on them, at the will of their lord, for a fixed annual sum, the fee-farm rent. By the acceptance of such a payment, the lord of a borough, were he king or earl, parted at once with his actual proprietorship in the soil, and in the persons of the citizens; the borough became free, its

inhabitants became freemen. But no tradition of such a change exists in the case of London. There seems every ground for supposing, with Sir Francis Palgrave, that in this case, at least, the Roman municipium had survived the storm of the English Conquest, that it had practically retained its independence in the face of the petty kings of the East Saxons, and that the sole hold of the conquerors upon it lay in the presence of a royal reeve, the reservation to him of the higher criminal justice, and the exaction of specified royal dues. But if its freedom were a relic of Roman times, its inner constitution, as it survived unchanged from its first revelation in the Dooms of King Athelstan to the great changes of the Edwards, presented the most perfect image of the older Teutonic democracy. In form it was precisely identical with that of the country round it: the burgesses were grouped for the purposes of the "free pledge" in their territorial sokes or guilds, as the husbandmen in their hundreds. Gild-court answered to hundred-leet, alderman to hundred-man. The royal reeve served, in the borough as in the county, as the centre around which these separate powers and jurisdictions grouped themselves in a loose federal way; bishop and reeve presided in the general hustings-court as bishop and reeve presided in the shire-moot. But the whole of this simple and obvious organisation was penetrated with the spirit of personal independence. The hereditary alderman presided, indeed, in the leet-court of his

ward or "gild"; on solemn fast days he gathered with his fellows round the reeve for consultation on the affairs of the town. But the real control was in the hands of the free burgesses themselves. They did service at the ward-mote for law or for government; suit or ordinance were decided by their "yea" or "nay." In the same free "yea" or "nay," thundered out more loudly as the great bell from the campanile of St. Paul's summoned the Folk-Mote together in the churchyard, lay the rule of the city. All laws were passed, all elections made, all greater suits decided by the collective body of burgesses, gathered as the Swiss freemen still gather their own rulers and lawgivers in the green meadows of Uri.

It was this free constitution which the Conqueror recognised when his charter confirmed to London rights it had enjoyed in the days of King Edward. Through all the great changes which followed on the Conquest, London remained the single untouched instance of English self-government. The free voice of the people was hushed in the deliberations of the Magnates or of the King's Council, but the Folk-Mote beneath St. Paul's still preserved the tradition of the Witenagemot. It was this preservation of the old Teutonic tradition that made the political greatness of London of such vital moment for England under her foreign kings. It was from the city which still preserved the rights she had enjoyed under Edward that the claim went forth on behalf of the nation at large for the restora-

tion of the laws of the Confessor, for the charters which recognised that claim, of Henry and Stephen and John. Stephen was emphatically the Londoners' king; in him they claimed, more for the people than for themselves, their 'jus praerogativum eligendi," the right of nomination in the case of a disputed succession; it was the rejection of their cry for the Confessor's laws that overthrew the throne of Matilda; St. Thomas was a son of the great city; the first Act of Henry II. was a confirmation of its freedom. By the close of his reign London was already pressing forward to the second step in its municipal advance. As yet the municipal influence had been seen in the extension to borough after borough of the liberties she had once exclusively possessed. The great democratic movement which sweeps quietly along, unnoticed by historians, from the days of the First Henry to those of the Third, found its source in the capital, and the charter of London is expressly quoted as their type by the bulk of the charters of the realm. But it is the direct influence of the parallel movement in the North of France, which is seen when Earl John and the Baronage, gathered with the Folk-Mote to decree the deposition of Longchamp, granted that the city should henceforth be a "commune," bound as the communes of Amiens or Noyon by the joint oath that knit burghers into fellow-citizens. John, in fact, the clearest sighted of the Angevins, saw throughout the political importance of London; it was to his desire to win its goodwill

that the city owed the crown of its privileges in the grant of the Mayoralty, the concession of entire self-government.

The concession was fruitless; London bore the brunt both of the original revolt which won the Charter, and of the long struggle which preserved it from his son. Nowhere is Mr. Norton more defective than in his account of the part played by London both internally and politically in the Barons' war. The *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* reveals the inevitable progress of the new democratic movement, which found expression in the Friars and in the reforms of De Montfort, within the walls of the town; the first great severance between the *majores* and *minores*, the *discreti homines* and the *indiscreta multitudo*, upon which the after history of the capital was to turn. The triumph of De Montfort was the triumph of the civic democracy, of that older Teutonic equality which expressed itself in the Folk-Mote and in the Commune. The triumph of Prince Edward was the triumph of an oligarchic minority, the beginning of a long reaction which ended only in the ruin of municipal freedom. It is this second period of the history of London which we have termed the period of mercantile restriction. We can only briefly sum up here its principal features, but it is important, in the face of the praises showered of late upon the First and Third of the Edwards, to note the part which these princes actually played in the matter. To Edward I. London owed the overthrow of her

popular constitution, the exile, imprisonment, or death of her more patriotic citizens, and the restriction of all power to the wealthier and more conservative among her burghers. Before the close of his reign, a royal edict had withdrawn the election of their Mayor from the citizens at large, and entrusted it to a select committee of *probi homines*, the *prud-hommes* of Continental history, summoned by the civic oligarchy. It was in vain that the citizens claimed again and again their rights; their interference in civic elections was at last peremptorily forbidden, and the grossest oppression on the part of the wealthiest classes was supported by the Crown. Under Edward III. the cessation of the Folk-Mote threw the control of the city wholly into the hands of the *prudhommes*, a body who, in the reign of his successor, became the "Common Council" in which this branch of civic government finally vested. But side by side with this action of the Crown, the civic oligarchy was pursuing a yet more complete plan of popular disfranchisement. It is in the reign of Edward II. that Mr. Norton finds the first mention of the mercantile constitutions of the civic corporations. Their advance, however, was rapid, and membership in a trade-guild—a privilege necessarily denied to the mass of inhabitants by the long apprenticeship or the heavy redemption fee—became now an indispensable preliminary to the full freedom of the city. For the first time since the Charter of the Conqueror, Londoners as a whole ceased to be

"law worthy." One general privilege yet lingered in the election of members to Parliament; but under Edward IV. this last remnant of the older constitution disappeared, and the attendance at Common Hall for this purpose was restricted to the liverymen of the Companies. Never had London seemed greater or wealthier than under the merchant-rule. The Crown was its debtor, civic loans rendered Crécy or Agincourt possible, royal letters from the field of battle announced the tidings of success to the citizens first of all. Sometimes a merchant like Philpot would fit out a fleet for himself, and sweep pirates from the seas. But the wealth seems to have been concentrated in a few hands, and the whole relation of London to the people at large was changed. Its privileges, wielded by a small oligarchy, were seen to be monopolies. The insurrections of Cade and of Mortimer showed the silent disaffection of the mass of inhabitants, excluded from all share in their own judicature or government. But its example had told for evil, as of old it had told for good. The same course of mercantile restriction had in every corner of England turned the boroughs into little oligarchies, and disfranchised one half of the electors of the realm. Under the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Georges, their Parliamentary representation had become a farce. National feeling, driven from its natural strongholds, had to express itself in the counties, till the great reforms of our own days restored our old political and municipal constitution. In those reforms London

has participated; the general mass of citizens have regained their rights of election and self-government, though still hampered by the ridiculous claims of the trading Companies. But it is a little discouraging to see that our greatest steps in advance are only a recurrence to older freedom, and that the great work we have to do is simply the undoing of evil that has been done.

THE LONDON OF THE PLANTAGENETS[1]

(Jan. 1, 1870)

WE owe some apology to Mr. Riley for having so long delayed our notice of the important contribution which he has furnished to our municipal history in these extracts from the letter-books of the Corporation of London. The letter-books form a part of the great mass of civic records from which the frauds of Sir R. Cotton have till lately excluded the public; they comprise, in fact, almost all that now remains of London history from the accession of Edward I. to the accession of the House of Lancaster. It is startling, as we turn over these records, to mark the gulf which severs the London of the fourteenth century from the London of Becket or De Montfort. Under the earlier Angevins the loose federal organisation which bound the several wards and their hereditary ealdormen together under a fiscal and judicial officer of the Crown had been exchanged for really

[1] *Memorials of London and of London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries.* By H. T. Riley, M.A. London: Longmans and Co. 1868.

municipal life under a mayor elected by the citizens themselves. The democratic impulse which followed the great charter aimed at a far wider revolution. The claims of the older burgher houses, in whose hands the civic government had wholly lain, were rudely set aside in the revolution of the thirteenth century. The mass of the citizens—the *minor populus* as their opponents called them—seized on the mayoralty, and swung the city round into a vigorous support of Earl Simon against the Crown. His fall was followed by an inevitable reaction. Fine, imprisonment, exile, death, crushed the rising hopes of the adherents of the commune. The wealthier burghers resumed their power, but it was long before the revolutionary movement was fairly conquered. Sometimes an excited mob would surround Guildhall and shout for the restoration of their old rights in the election of a mayor. Again and again the civic oligarchy were troubled with whispers of conspiracies. In 1364, for instance, Richard Hay, a fuller, is chatting to John Hackford in Cornhill how "there were ten thousand men in the said city, all of one alliance and agreement, that at a certain time such as should seem to them the best they would all be ready and prepared with their arms, those who have arms, and those who have none of their own with such arms as they may get, to slay all the best people and the great folks and officers of the said city; and that as he had not been warned before, he now gave him warning to be ready and prepared

whensoever the cry should be raised." In spite, however, of these terrors, the *majores* went steadily forward in their usurpation of power. The rights of the mass of citizens were one by one withdrawn. The democratic folk-mote fell into desuetude. The elections of civic officers were placed in the hands of the *probi homines*, the *prudhommes*, the wealthier burgesses. Finally, under the House of Lancaster, the last vestiges of civic freedom were set aside, and the government of the city vested in a "Common Council" drawn exclusively from the merchant class. The steady civic reaction had rested throughout for support upon the Crown. The two powers were alike threatened by democracy, and the old jealousies of the City and the Court were exchanged for a close alliance. The democratic sympathies of Richard II. alone troubled the friendship which prevailed between London and its Kings from the days of Edward I. to the days of Charles. Special despatches informed the citizens of every royal victory—of Falkirk, Poitiers, or Agincourt. Honours were showered upon their mayor, and sovereigns like Edward the Third or the Fourth dropped in to feast and carouse with their aldermen.

These political changes, however, were of far less importance than the social revolution which accompanied them. It was during the fourteenth century that all freedom of trade and commerce was annihilated by the great trading companies into which the Burgher class organised itself. The guilds were, in fact, only part of a great economical change which

was going on over the whole country. In the rural districts, partly from the accumulation of smaller holdings in the hands of the wealthier villains, partly from the leasing out of the manorial demesne lands, the prædial services had become increasingly difficult to exact, and the average wages of the now floating labour-class were fast rising with the demand. The rise was accelerated by the ravages of the Black Death and the enormous decrease in population, and it was to extort labour at prices below the fair wages of the market that the Parliament of landed proprietors passed the Statute of Labourers. From that moment the bulk of our rural population have remained till now in a state little raised above the prædial servitude of the Middle Ages; but it is interesting to see how the same economic restrictions told upon the towns. The Black Death fell heavily, as Charter-House remains to witness, on the crowded, pestiferous city. "A dreadful mortality," so the Corporation addressed the Pope, "has so cut off our merchants that our citizens, who as it were usually dispense their services on all realms, are no longer able in person to visit your most Holy See, even though they should be involved in cases which are reserved for your Court, without a ruinous expense, while the present wars are going on." But the merchant class had suffered less than the poor, and the reduction of the number of labourers had been followed by the natural rise of wages. Here, however, law—the law of the employer against the

employed—stepped ruthlessly in. The Assize of 1350 was made "by reason of masons, carpenters, plasterers, tilers, and all manner of labourers, who take immeasurably more than they have been wont to take." Wages were paid at from sixpence to fourpence a day. A fine was inflicted on any one who gave more than this; prison was threatened to any one who received more. Neither shearmen nor farriers were suffered to take "more than they were wont to take before the time of the pestilence, under pain of imprisonment and heavy ransom." The workman who refused to labour on these conditions might be thrown into prison. The labourer who left the city to escape such terms should be imprisoned if he ever reappeared there. The same regulations applied to domestic servants. The law, in fact, was turned by the civic employers into an engine for exacting forced labour from the employed at wages below the fair and average rate. It was the same consciousness of the new power which they thus acquired that expressed itself in the increased development of the system of Guilds. Some of the trading societies of London are at least as old as the time of Henry II., but it was at the time when these records commence that they ventured to monopolise the whole commerce of the City. No organisation could so greatly tend to the profit of the wealthier employers, by removing all danger of competition from without and by protecting them against all demands on the part of labour from within, and the wealthier employers

were now the sole governors of London. Under protection the "mysteries," the great trade-societies of the City, struck equally at all competition and at all fair adjustment of wages. The burgher jealousy of "strangers" had wrested from Edward I. the most cruel and iniquitous measure of his reign, the expulsion of the Jews. When Isabel and her adherents seized the City, the citizens celebrated their freedom from control by depriving all alien merchants, save the Picards, of the civic franchise which they had previously enjoyed. Gradually all freedom of retail trade was denied to "foreigners," and under the term was included all who were not members of a guild. The hostelers and hay-mongers suppressed the trade of "foreign folks," the neighbouring farmers of Essex and Surrey, who brought their carts laden with dozens of small bundles, powdered over with dust and other refuse, and "sell it by retail for half-pennies and farthenges, to the damage and deceit of the people and against the franchise of the City." It was easy to bring against rivals who undersold them the stock charge of inferior workmanship. The glovers enact that

> Whereas some persons who are not of the said trade do take and entice unto themselves the servants of folk in the same trade, and set them to work in secret at their houses and make gloves of rotten and bad leather, and do sell them wholesale to strange dealers coming into the City, in deceit of the people and to the great scandal of the good folk of the said trade; that the Wardens of the said trade may make search in such manner for gloves made of false material, that the same may be found and brought before the Mayor and Aldermen.

So the barbers, the surgeons as well as shavers of the day, remonstrate against the strangers from "Uppelande, who are not instructed in their craft and do take houses and intermeddle with barbery, surgery, and the cure of other maladies." But this war against "foreigners" was little compared with the incessant struggle which the Guilds waged with the meaner artificers of their trades. They were, as we have seen, legalised combinations of employers for the purpose of keeping down wages, and this object was pursued steadily during the whole period over which this volume extends. The shearmen are well contented with the ordinance fixing the price of their manufactures :—

Save only that they desire that they may have their servants and journeymen at the same wages that they used to have; for in old time they were wont to have a man to work between the feast of Christmas and Easter at 3d. per day and his table; and between Easter and St. John at 4d. and his table; and from St. John to the feast of St. Bartholomew at 3d. and his table; and from the feast of St. Bartholomew to Christmas, in the case of a good workman, at 4d. and his table, for day and night. And now the said workman will not work otherwise than by the cloth, and then do so greatly hurry over the same, that they do great damage to the folk to whom such cloths belong; by reason whereof the masters in the same trade have great blame and abuse, and take less than they were wont to do. The masters in the said trade do therefore beg of you that it will please you to order that the said men may be chastised, and commanded under a certain penalty to work according to the ancient usage, as before stated, for charity and for the profit of the people.

Against such tyranny it was natural for the employed to revolt, but "strikes" were put down with

a strong hand. The "serving men" of the saddlery trade, under cover of a religious fraternity which met at Stratford, without the boundaries of the City, "had influenced the journeymen among them, and had formed coving thereon, with the object of raising their wages greatly in excess"; in fact, of demanding wages of double amount to those which were actually paid. The Mayor and Aldermen at once prohibited all combinations, and "determined that the serving men in that trade should in future be under the governance and rule of the masters of such trade; the same as the serving men in other trades of the City are wont, and of right bound to be." Among the weavers, indeed, strikes seem to have been an old custom, but even here all trade disputes were ordered to be referred to the Wardens in 1362.

So little has been done for the elucidation of our municipal history, that we have specially drawn attention to the points in Mr. Riley's book which illustrate the social revolution within English towns in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But these are far from being the only points of interest in it. The disorganisation of English religion which followed on the violent suppression of Lollardism is shown in the rancorous prosecutions for "art magic" which appear in the City records. A tendency to Lollardry may perhaps be detected in the dozens of charges made against immoral priests; but enough remains to show the practical results of the system of celibacy where it is not under the hostile supervision to which it is

exposed in most modern countries. Civic humour seems then as now to have tended to practical jokes, as in the case of John Sely, the Alderman of Walbrook, who appeared at St. Paul's on Whitsunday "in a cloke that was single and without a lining, contrary to the ordinance and assent aforesaid. Whereupon, by advice of the Mayor and Aldermen, it was adjudged and assented to that the said Mayor and other Aldermen should dine with the same John at his house, and that at the proper costs of the said John, on the Thursday following," to the terror of other evildoers. The question of the Bird Fair, which so lately stirred the ecclesiastical world of Bethnal Green, seems to have been raised between the priests of St. Austin's Church and the gardeners, who sold "pulse, cherries, and vegetables," with much "scurrility, clamour, and nuisance," five centuries ago. Forced loans and discontent within the City show us the reverse of Edward's glory after Crécy and Nevill's Cross; while the writs ordering the return of runaway masons throw light on the system of forced labour by which the great pile of Windsor was reared. On these, however, we cannot dwell further; but it is impossible to part from the book without acknowledging its solid merit as a contribution to municipal history. We trust that it may be followed by the publication, if only in the form of a calendar, of the Journals of the Common Council under the House of Lancaster.

ENGLISH MUNICIPALITIES

(Nov. 23, 1867)

SHREWD as a journal may be in catching the tone of common talk, it finds it a far harder thing to catch the tone of those popular sentiments which do not express themselves in talk. Every one, for instance, was amused a few weeks ago at the language of the *Times* about Garibaldi. One morning he was a desperado and the next a hero; then the Italian Government were to back him, then they were to put him down; at last he was recommended to die, but the next day's article suggested that the death should be considered very heroic, and be made as comfortable as possible for him. The truth is, this was just one of the cases where organs which do not profess to do more than express public opinion will always be at fault between popular talk and popular sentiment. In popular talk, Garibaldi was an adventurer and a desperado; he had sent the funds down, and lighted a conflagration in Europe which might keep them down for ten years to come; but the very talkers

talked all this with a secret liking for the man and his cause in their hearts, and, though gratified that Garibaldi was safe under lock and key at Spezzia, growled within themselves at the French and their Chassepots at Monte Rotondo. It was just the same with Lord Mayor's Day, though here the difficulty was even more amusingly illustrated by the conflicting voices of the great and the little Jupiter. Both claim equally to be the infallible exponents of public opinion, and here, if anywhere, was just one of those social topics upon which public opinion might be expected to speak clearly; but on the question of the great civic celebration it was plain that two very different publics had made their way into the editorial sanctuaries of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times* was dead against the glass coach, the *Telegraph* enthusiastically for it; the *Telegraph* saw in the mutilated procession a warning to all future Lord Mayors to return to the men in armour, the *Times* saw in it a presage of the extinction of the show altogether. It is hard to decide between rival Thunderers, but in this matter it seems to us that the elder is repeating simply the phrases of a day gone by, and that, in discerning and following a current of popular sentiment which is setting in the exactly opposite direction, the younger Thunderer is in the right.

The usual talk about "useless pageants" and "incongruous anachronisms" is in fact a mere parrot-like repetition of phrases which expressed the blind

aversion of the Reformers of 1834 to the very symbols of municipal existence. The aversion was far from being a causeless or irrational one. For at least two centuries municipal government in England had passed into a mere mockery; almost every town was governed by the small self-electing clique of a close corporation; great centres of trade and commerce were handed over to the uncontrolled domination of petty oligarchies, who ruled with all the pride, the greed, and the corruption of oligarchies. In one place, lucrative civic offices were almost hereditary in certain favoured families; another, like Oxford in the middle of the eighteenth century, paid its corporate debts by the unblushing sale of its representation in Parliament. In nine boroughs out of ten the great bulk of the burgesses were without any real voice in the administration of their own affairs. The very name, in fact, of corporations had become abhorred, and it was natural enough that the first fury of the reformed municipalities should vent itself on processions and insignia which they associated with a merely oligarchic and corrupt past. Gowns, dining-tables, maces, plate, all were ordered to be sold in the first fervour of 1834. But the fervour soon passed away, though, as we have seen, its phrases remain. It was impossible that, when once the citizens had made the borough their own, they should fail to be imbued with the sentiment of municipal tradition. English towns have none of the mighty Roman fragments of Arles or the amphitheatres of Verona and Nîmes to recall a life that

stretches from the old world into the new; but, on the other hand, their past and present are continuous and unbroken. There has been no re-mapping of local divisions on this side the Channel; no jealous stamping out of local jurisdiction; no Préfet superseding Mayor or Echevins, as in France; no Quaestor superseding Consuls, as in Italy. Oxford is not so old or so grand as Rouen, but the chief magistrate of Rouen has dwindled into a Government official, while the Mayor of Oxford, if he has but command of nine policemen, of whom one is superannuated and the rest incapable, is still the lineal descendant of the mayor named in the charter of John. Older municipalities than our own of course still exist on the Continent, and even the Lord Mayor, with his unbroken descent from Fitz-Alwyne, must have felt modern when a year back he entertained at his table the Burgomaster of Bruges; but on the Continent they are struggling with little hope of prolonged existence against the advancing tide of officialism, while here they are in no danger at all. The only harm that could happen to them, if their present constitution were extinct, would be the falling back on some older constitution still. The case has actually occurred in some boroughs: at Taunton, for instance, the charter which gave the town a Mayor and Corporation either lapsed to or was seized by the Crown, and Taunton at once fell back on the form of government which existed before the charter was given. A handbill proclaiming the usual "Law-day"

for this borough lies before us, and in its way, as a cool reproduction in modern times of a form of municipal life which was almost universally superseded eight centuries ago, it is very curious indeed. The town, we find, is governed by the Portreeve of times before the Conquest, by post-Conquest bailiffs and constables; each street has its alderman, each Rhine or drain its "ridder." Then come the memories of the old trade organisations in shamble keepers and ale-tasters, searchers and sealers of letters, cornhill keepers, and searchers of green skins. Taunton, in fact, has fallen quietly back on the constitution it enjoyed when the borough of Ini nestled under the fostering wings of its episcopal lords, the Bishops of Winchester; nor do we see why, if a similar chance occurred, London might not do the same. The *Times* ventured, in the course of the article in which it doomed the Lord Mayor's Show to extinction, on an historical statement, and, considering the fate of former attempts, the venture showed sufficient audacity to deserve success. It pronounced the presentation of the Lord Mayor to the Barons of the Exchequer to be a mere form, and assured all nervous aspirants to the office, that, should the Barons refuse to accept them, their refusal would make no difference in the world. We are afraid that in actual law their refusal would make the slight difference that the Lord Mayor elect would simply cease to be Lord Mayor elect, and that Liverymen and Aldermen would have to betake themselves to a fresh election.

But the difference between the results of his due presentation and of no presentation at all would, we fear, be a little more serious. The omission of the *Times'* anachronism would in all probability involve the forfeiture of the City charters. The condition on which the right of choosing their chief magistrate was granted to the burghers of London was his confirmation by the Crown, and we are not aware that the condition has ever been repealed. It is comforting, however, to remember, should over-confidence in the law or history of Printing-House Square ever bring about such a catastrophe, that there were portreeves before there were mayors, and that if the charters of Richard and his successors lapsed, the lapse would only bring the old English magistrate to life again. We see no reason why the Portreeve of London should not appear in the Court of Exchequer with that wondrous little bit of parchment in his hand—it still lies in the City archives—by which the Conqueror confirmed to Godfrey the Portreeve, and to the burgesses of London, the privileges they had enjoyed under Edward the Confessor. Whether, however, a sense of the real dignity of their municipal traditions be the cause or not, it is certain that the popular current, which in 1834 set so strongly against the symbols of municipal existence, has of late years been setting steadily the other way. The very corporations who sold their insignia by public auction in the hour of reform are, for the most part, eager to deck their mayors again with the gold chain of office, and to

reclothe them in purple and fine linen. In the smaller towns this was natural enough, but the reaction is often very amusing. We heard the other day of an obscure corporation in the West, over which the storm of retrenchment had swept with more than its usual violence, but whose order for the sale of the civic treasures was never carried into effect, for the simple reason that plate and maces had mysteriously disappeared. A new spirit, however, came by degrees over the little town, and at last a worthy alderman responded to the regrets of his fellow-citizens by the production and restoration of the long-lost articles. He had coolly buried them in his garden to save them from the spoiler, and now that the day he looked for has come, the gratitude of the town more than condones the felony. But even the larger and busier towns give tokens of the same spirit. Manchester buys its gold chain and Hull repurchases the corporation dining-tables.

In the face of all this we quite agree with the younger Thunderer, that it is idle to repeat the mere phrases of a moment of revolution, and to condemn a ceremony which commemorates the installation of the first municipal officer of the land as nothing but an anachronism. If anything could be idler, it would be the repetition of sarcasms about "pageants" and the like, which, if they have any bearing at all, bear equally against any State celebration whatever. We need not embarrass the question by muddling it with the far larger one, whether the Corporation of London

is not, as it stands, as great a mockery of corporate existence as its fellows which were swept away; if it is so, the obvious remedy is to extend to it the same measure of reform which was extended to them. It is ridiculous that such an extension should be barred for one moment by cant about ancient rights and immemorial privileges, which shows in those who use it the profoundest ignorance of the whole subject of English municipal history. The Reform of 1834 was simply the restoration of a past older far than the rights and privileges of the close corporations; it was the restoration of the whole body of citizens to rights of self-government which the Crown and the wealthier burgher class had wrested or filched away. Up to the beginning of the fourteenth century, the government of the boroughs of England was vested in the hands of their own burgesses, and the sole qualification for a burgess was the possession of a house within the City bounds. It was a liberty not reached at a single step, being the result in most cases of the purely English fact that the boroughs were part of the royal demesne, and that the distant king was glad to commute his rights of justice and taxation in return for prompt and regular payment of his dues. The struggles with the mediæval nobles, which play so important a part in the municipal annals of France, Germany, or Italy, were rare in England, partly no doubt because few towns of any importance were in their hands, partly from the relative weakness of their class. It is in the West

alone that we find such struggles as that of the Berkeleys with Bristol, or of Exeter with the Courtenays. Even here, however, the towns were successful; and it was only in its contest with the great ecclesiastical lords that the spirit of municipal liberty found itself foiled. There is no sadder page in the whole story than that of the long desperate battle which the men of St. Albans waged against their Abbots, and the chicanery, the patient, unscrupulous fraud by which the Abbots defeated them. For the most part the ecclesiastical towns had to wait for their freedom till the Reformation; but with the exception of this single class almost all the towns of England were, throughout the thirteenth century, self-governed and free. And to the general liberty which England itself then won they had contributed not a little. It was not merely that the men of London were, in the great struggle under Montfort, on the right side, as they were on the right side at Hastings, or at Newbury, but that, in those obscure boroughs of which London was the illustrious head, the traditions of constitutional freedom had been preserved through the stern ages of the Norman rule. It was something that, when the voice of Godwine could be heard no more, and the free Parliament of the Witan had perished with his son, town-mote and borough-mote lived on still to preserve the habit of free discussion and the memory of popular legislation. The ruin of that municipal freedom was owing, not as on the Con-

tinent, to causes from without, but to an enemy far more deadly than king or baron—an enemy within. The great increase of wealth in the merchant class during the reigns of the second and third Edwards, and the additional importance which was given to the trade guilds by the sudden extension of foreign commerce, resulted in a steady effort for the overthrow of the older democratic constitution, which, in spite of the heroic opposition of the masses, was at last successful. The Crown, thrown by the drain of the French wars on the support of the moneyed classes, backed them in their attempts, and by the close of the fourteenth century the weary contest had almost universally ended in the institution of Common Councils composed of the richer order of burgesses and usually self-elective, within whose narrower circle all power of municipal government and the constitutional privilege of representation in Parliament was henceforth confined. From that moment the interest of the story disappears. The corporations dwindle into the useful tools of the ally by whose aid they had acquired their usurped power, the sovereigns of the house of York flatter them, those of the line of Tudor fling them part of the spoils of the Church, but only on condition that they should pass, as far as their Parliamentary rights were concerned, into nomination boroughs of the Crown. The wholesale displacements under Charles II. and his brother revealed their serfdom; corruption and incapacity were their sole characteristics

through the age of the Georges. So wholly had their story passed out of the minds of men that there is still not a history of our country which devotes a single page to it, and there is hardly an antiquary who has cared to disentomb the tragic records of fights fought for freedom in this narrow theatre from the archives which still contain them. The treatise of Brady written from a political, that of Madox from a narrow antiquarian, point of view; the summaries of charters given by the Commissioners under the Municipal Reform Act; the volumes of Stephens and Merewether, and here and there a little treatise on isolated towns, like that of Mr. Thompson on Leicester,—are the only printed materials for the study of the subject. Materials unprinted exist in profusion. No civic archives save those of Italy are so rich as our own, and the first step in any sound investigation would be the printing of the charters and civic documents which our archives contain. We urge this, as we have urged it before, on the Master of the Rolls; there are no historic documents remaining for his editors, beyond those in hand, which can at all compare in real importance with these priceless memorials of the past. The social and municipal aspects of our history are just those which are most unknown, and on these such a publication would throw a flood of light. The corporations are, for the most part, too poor to print the contents of their archives themselves; and it is just one of those undertakings

which need, and would abundantly repay, the aid of the Government. It would be an odd, but not an unlikely thing, if the setting about this great enterprise were the result of the contest about Lord Mayor's Day.

THE TAUNTON HANDBILL[1]

BOROUGH OF TAUNTON

LIST of OFFICERS appointed at the COURT LEET or LAW DAY for the Borough aforesaid, held the 28th Day of October 1872.

BAILIFFS	Richard Easton. John Hammet.
PORTREEVES	Robert Bailey. James Bartlett Webber.
CONSTABLES	Alfred Court. Thomas Hucklebridge Bartlett.
Alderman of Fore Street	Charles Lewis.
Alderman of High Street	John Turle.
Alderman of East Street	Henry J. Van Trump.
Alderman of North Street	Jacob Foster.
Alderman of Paul Street	Charles James Fox.
Alderman of Shuttern	Samuel Nutt.
Alderman of Silver Street (West Side)	John Coles.
Rhine Ridders, Fore Street	Charles Haddon. John Lock.
Rhine Ridders, High Street	Joseph Ingram. Joseph West.
Rhine Ridders, North Street (West Side)	William Whiteman. Richard Shattock.
Rhine Ridders, North Street (East Side)	Charles Court. John Alford.
Shamble Keepers and Ale Tasters	Robert Dyer. George Sheppard.
Searchers and Sealers of Leather	Francis Chapman. Charles Mogridge.
Searchers of Green Skins	John Quick, the younger. Thomas Lock.
Cornhill Keeper	James Green.

See p. 116.

PAUPERISM IN THE EAST OF LONDON

(Dec. 28, 1867)

WHATEVER else is proved by the letters and discussions on East-end distress which each winter brings us, they certainly prove very clearly that there is a London about which the ordinary Londoner is utterly ignorant—we mean the London beyond Aldgate Pump. The very term East-end, indeed, is one of those convenient nouns of multitude that serve to mass together the silk weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, the dock-labourers of Stepney and Limehouse, the shipbuilding yards of Poplar, and the chemical manufactories of Bow. In a population of over a million of people it is obvious that there must be a thousand gradations of occupation, of habits, of resources which would confound the benevolent persons to whose view the East-end is but the casual ward of the metropolis. All that such people know of it is summed up in the annual winter's cry of distress. Christmas after Christmas brings the same appeal to public charity, the same plea of want of employment, of

starvation, of death. Every year the appeal is more generously responded to, but the cry grows louder with the response. Charity—benevolence, that is, with other people's money—has become the winter business of the East-end. The clergy multiply their staff of district visitors, their soup kitchens, and their coal-tickets. The shopkeepers see no reason why the golden shower should fall only on clerical Danaës, and organise committees for receiving and dispensing it. With so many hands ready to distribute, it is no wonder that the cry for resources to fill them grows louder and louder. One benevolent Association announces that it will want £2000 a month, another proposes to raise £50,000 for the winter, a journal of some note suggests that the amount shall be doubled. There are at last some signs that the increasing extravagances of the relief proposed is beginning to startle those who were among the first to suggest it. Even the *Times* hints at caution, and condescends to remember the existence of the New Poor-law. It is certainly time to remember it when an indiscriminate and profuse system of almsgiving is undoing all the good which the law has done, and reviving the pauperism which its purpose was to destroy. For it is not so much poverty that is increasing in the East as pauperism, the want of industry, of thrift, of self-reliance—qualities which the legislation of thirty years ago has ever since then been with difficulty producing among the poor, but which melt and

vanish in a couple of winters before the certainty of "money from the West."

The Poor-laws, we are told, are on their trial; and in the extreme instance of East London distress, it is more than hinted that the trial is going against them. The rates, already oppressive, cannot be raised without reducing the poorer ratepayers to the level of pauperism; the administration of relief is harsh and inefficient; the Guardians themselves are unfit to cope with an emergency of an unusual character. It is plain on the very face of the question that sweeping charges such as these are simply illustrations of the confusion we have referred to, which muddles up the different districts of the East-end into one uniform mass of degradation and poverty. There is as great a difference between the rating or the administration of the Poor-law in one locality and another as there is between a parish in the East and a parish in the West. Grant, however, that the Poor-law is on its trial; before condemning it in favour of the old system of pauperising almsgiving, it is surely necessary to put it fairly on its trial. It can hardly be said that this has been even attempted. The greatest defect, for instance, of the whole system in the East-end lies in the composition of the Boards of Guardians. We are not going to sneer at shopkeepers, or to deny that, taken as a whole, the administration of the Poor-law in the districts we are speaking of has been fairly efficient. But it must be owned that it has signally failed in winning public confidence or respect.

The Guardians, in fact, do their best to destroy both. Week after week charges of peculation, of favouritism, of fraud, ring across the table of the Board; meetings break up in disorder, after hours of noisy squabble. Occasionally a Guardian resents the vigilance of the medical inspector by threatening him with a personal castigation in the hall. A recent trial before the Court of Queen's Bench threw a somewhat unpleasant light on the inner harmony of the Board of Bethnal Green. The Master of the Workhouse was charged with a series of gross improprieties, and in the course of the investigation into these charges the Guardians seem to have amused themselves with a charming exchange of libels, which ended in an appeal to the law. We are, of course, not in the least concerned with the question whether one Guardian was bribed with a loan of money from the Master, or whether another was rightly called a "mountebank" and a "sweep." But it is obvious that scenes like these—and they are of weekly occurrence—are not calculated to win the confidence of the public in a system which Boards such as this administer. But their social composition, were they ever so well conducted, would deprive them of the sympathy of the poor. No class is so thoroughly hostile to the actual wage-receivers as the lowest of the middle-classes, and it is from this stratum that the bulk of the East-end Guardians are drawn. It is not that they are naturally cruel, but that they are in their daily life brought into hourly conflict with those they employ, and they

bring the habits of their life to the Board Room. Mingled with this, too, there is a great deal of sheer ignorance. It would be impossible, for instance, to understand why the local vestries are so unanimous in opposing the inspection of lodging-houses, if one did not read in their debates that vestrymen exist who believe that overcrowding "keeps people warm in the cold weather." Still, what is wanted is not so much a transference of their functions to other hands as the introduction of an element of higher social and intellectual character; and this Mr. Hardy's Bill proposed to effect by placing in the hands of the Government the right of nominating a certain number of members on each Board. No provision in the Bill seemed more important, or was welcomed with greater applause; but the quiet influence of the Guardians, exercised through the pressure of the Metropolitan members, has sufficed to neutralise the intentions of the Legislature. Not an ex-officio member has been named, and the Boards meet the emergency of the present winter with the same personalities, narrowness, and ignorance as before.

It is singular that, so far as the East-end is concerned—for we believe ex-officio Guardians have been nominated in the West—the Government should have abstained from taking the one great step which its own legislation enabled it to take towards a better administration of the Poor-laws. But no change in the staff of administrators would diminish the actual pressure of the distress, and it must be owned in

justice to the present Boards that the task they have to discharge is an almost impossible one. We are not going to discuss here the vexed question of the equalisation of rates; but it is no wonder if, cooped up as it were helplessly with their own poverty, East-end Guardians stand aghast at the increase of their burdens. The winter has not as yet been a worse one, nor in some ways so bad a one as its predecessor, but it comes weighted with the accumulated pauperism of the past year. We take but a single instance, and that the worst: Bethnal Green is, of course, in the van of the distress; and in Bethnal Green the rate for the present quarter is eighteen pence in the pound, while the rate for the next quarter is expected to reach one and ninepence, or even two shillings. Legislation, political as well as social, has added to the existing difficulties of their position. The personal payment of rates, for instance, whether ultimately destined to succeed or not, is at present a total failure. In Mile-End there were 1600 cases of appeal or excuse, and the collectors report that the rate simply cannot be got in. In Bethnal Green, where the houses compounded for were more than three-fourths of the whole, the mass of the new ratepayers refuse absolutely to pay. Much of this difficulty is no doubt merely temporary. The landlords have everywhere taken advantage of the change to raise the rents, and the artisan class are certainly able as a body to contribute far more than they actually do to the burdens of the locality and the State. For the

present, however, their attitude increases greatly the difficulties of the Guardians; while Mr. Hardy's Bill of last session has for the moment doubled their expenses. It transferred, indeed, the charges of the sick and insane to the common fund, but the proposals for union with adjacent districts with which it was accompanied have broken down, while the Poor-law Board is urging on the Guardians the necessity for increased expenditure in new schools, separate infirmaries, and dispensaries. The cost of these erections is necessarily large. The Infirmary for St. George's-in-the-East will probably cost £30,000; the outgoings for the various buildings needed in Bethnal Green will fall little short of £50,000. No one disputes the excellence of Mr. Hardy's Bill, or the necessity for this temporary expenditure; but, though temporary, it falls at a most unlucky time.

It is possible that the great exigency of the case has, in fact, pressed itself on the attention of the Government; and without building too much on the cautious expressions of Lord Devon, we may perhaps be warranted in expecting some effort for the relief of districts such as those which we have named. The full development at any rate of the resources of the present Poor-law is necessary before we can say that it is fairly on its trial. Certainly it is necessary before we can decide that it has failed. For the truth ought to be faced, that the acknowledgment of its failure practically throws us back on the old system of almsgiving which the new Poor-law pro-

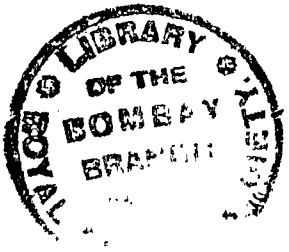
posed to supersede, and whose effects in pauperising vast masses of our population we can hardly yet have forgotten.... We cannot ourselves echo the boast of Archbishop Whately that he had never given a penny to a public beggar, but the boast was founded on a true conception of public benevolence. What is now being done is to restore the doles of the Middle Ages. The greater number of the East-end clergy have converted themselves into relieving officers. Sums of enormous magnitude are annually collected and dispensed by them either personally or through district visitors, nine-tenths of whom are women, and the bulk silly and ignorant women. A hundred different agencies for the relief of distress are at work over the same ground, without concert or co-operation, or the slightest information as to each other's exertions, and the result is an unparalleled growth of imposition, mendicancy, and sheer shameless pauperism. Families avowedly refuse to "lay by" in summer because they know that with winter money will flow down from the West. What is really being effected by all this West-end liberality is the paralysis of all local self-help. There are few spots in the East of London where some large employers are not reaping enormous fortunes from these very masses of the poor whom they employ. Upon them, primarily, should rest the responsibility of relieving this distress. But these, and the ground landlords to whom this very pressure of population brings wealth, have little motive for exertion in the face of this "money from the West."

The tradesmen could do something at least, as they proved in the Cholera Committees of a year ago. There are, in fact, considerable local resources, but they can only be obtained by a large system of charity, based on local contributions and dispensed by local agencies. Incomparably the best form which public benevolence could take would be the supplementing the funds which the Boards of Guardians now devote to out-door relief; large committees covering the same area with the Poor-law district, might co-operate with the Guardians by the relief of cases which their funds were inadequate to meet. The large Cholera Committees which we have referred to worked admirably in this way, eliciting local aid, directing the attention of the neighbourhood to the condition of the poor, discriminating, as none but those acquainted with the actual circumstances of a neighbourhood can, between real poverty and confirmed mendicancy.

Bodies of this kind would practically meet and supply the acknowledged defects of the present system—defects which it is far easier to acknowledge than to remedy. They would seek out those cases of retiring distress which the Guardians themselves own to be the most deserving of relief, but which, in fact, never come before the Board. An infusion of Poor-law officials into their ranks would bring the experience of the Guardians to bear on all cases of confirmed pauperism or mendicancy, while it would enable the Board to recommend for supplementary

relief such cases as, from legal impediments, it was unable adequately to support. A more difficult class of cases, those arising from the character of the Labour Test, would fall within its scope. The necessity of a labour test of some kind is beyond question, but it is to be wished that some test could be found which would not permanently degrade the applicant. Oakum-picking and the stone-yard, it is alleged, do this; and there are some trades—the shipwrights, for instance—who would refuse to admit again within their ranks, or to work with, one who had thus qualified himself for parochial relief. As yet we have heard of only two Committees which have been formed on the definite principle, not of superseding, but of supplementing the action of the Poor-laws—one in Mile-End Old Town, which embraces the poverty-stricken district of Stepney; and a second in Bethnal Green, which has originated in the benevolence of Miss Burdett Coutts. The organisation which is beginning in Poplar starts on a different basis. There an appeal to public benevolence is openly supported at the Board of Guardians, on the express ground that the Guardians would thus be enabled to throw all distressed needlewomen on these new resources. We are convinced that attempts such as these to shuffle off the local burden of the rates, under the pretence of alleviating poverty, will end in checking the course of public charity altogether. But with the basis of operations which we have sketched out, and an official audit of accounts, we think that an

organisation of this kind might usefully supplement the system of the Poor-laws. Unless some step of this sort be taken, each winter will accumulate pauperism for the next, and the East of London will be turned into a vast preserve for the benevolent efforts of charitable people of the Mrs. Jellaby type, like the benevolent gentlemen in the *Times* who announced their intention of charging the masses with a loaf in one hand and a bundle of Ryle's tracts in the other.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THE EAST-END AND ITS RELIEF COMMITTEES

(Jan. 11, 1868)

PUBLIC attention seems gradually awakening to the fact which we noticed a week or two since, that the problem which benevolence has set itself to solve in the East-end is no new problem of destitution, but the old problem of pauperism. The experience of thirty years ago seems to have been forgotten, and we are discussing the same plans for meeting the same difficulties which our fathers discussed at the introduction of the new Poor-law. For three years past the old protest has been revived against the "stoneyard and bastile" which was then so loudly uttered in the columns of the *Times;* the "cold-hearted sophistry of economists" has been defied by a gigantic effort of almsgiving; some half a million of people in the East-end of London have been flung into the crucible of public benevolence, and have come out of it simply paupers. The Isle of Dogs will acquire an historic fame as the scene of the last great battle which our generation is likely to see

between economic principles and the system of mendicancy. The battle has been fought out, it must be remembered, under circumstances most favourable to the success of the last combatant. The distress was sudden, exceptional, in no way attributable to the faults of those who had been thrown out of work; the sufferers were artisans of a high class, making a hard fight against poverty, men whom the application of a labour test was supposed to degrade. Large as their number was, it still had limits, and it seemed possible to sustain them till they could either voluntarily remove, or be helped to migrate in search of work in more thriving localities. In great measure the object was accomplished. A thousand of the artisans have left the spot; moreover there is a slight revival of trade and shipbuilding. But so far is the general distress from having been relieved, that the cry for aid is louder than ever. Last week the recipients of out-door relief exceeded those of a year ago by 2500, and the number is daily increasing. But this is the least disagreeable feature of the matter. From exceptional, the distress is now reported to have become chronic; in other words, the population has been pauperised. A lower class of the destitute have superseded the artisans, and come forward with a definite claim to relief. Into a district famed for its poverty there is a steady immigration of poor attracted by the prospect of alms. Little by little the details of last year's benevolence ooze out to account for all this—prodigal

waste of "tickets," alms given at public houses, cross systems of distribution; in a word, every possible device for turning charity into an unmixed evil to those whom it affects. The very clergy who were foremost in the work of relief last year stand aghast at the pauper Frankenstein they have created, and turn despairingly to the Poor-laws, whose principle they set at nought, to aid them in contending against it. Unfortunately they find no place of repentance. The Guardians are just sagacious enough, and just shortsighted enough in their sagacity, to entertain no notion whatever of killing the goose whose golden eggs keep the rates down. By a miserably inadequate pittance of out-door relief, by forcing the poor to walk four miles to get it, by refusing to organise any better system of distribution, the Guardians throw back their burden, as they imagine, on public charity. And to public charity, conscious as they are of the evils it wrought twelve months ago, the clergy, from sheer necessity, declare themselves driven.

We take the Isle of Dogs, not in the least because its case is peculiar, but just because it brings into strong relief facts which are common to the whole of the East of London. Everywhere there is the same miserable waste of public charity, everywhere the same growth of chronic pauperism, everywhere the same recoil of public opinion, everywhere the same ignorance, incapacity, and inaction on the part of the Poor-law administrators, everywhere the same compulsory resort again to a mendicancy which those

who resort to it know better than any will aggravate the very distress it seeks to relieve. Things, in a word, have come totally to a deadlock; and beyond local action there is none. The Poor-law Board looks calmly on, dismissing a pauper nurse, censuring a workhouse master, docketing and pigeon-holing in a severe official manner, and occasionally varying its amusements by snubbing a Board or two. Now, as we have shown, we are by no means satisfied with the East-end Guardians, or with their conceptions of their duty, or their mode of carrying it out; but it is fair to remember that they are working, however inefficiently, that their difficulties are enormous, and that they are inclined to seek, rather than to refuse, any practical advice. What they want is intelligence rather than will, and we should have imagined that to supply intelligence was one of the most obvious duties, in so far as it was practicable, of any Government. Mr. Fleming, the permanent Secretary of the Poor-law Board, differs, we are bound to say, from us in our theory. His notion is that, when asked for advice, his administrative duty is to supply snubbing. Of all Boards of Guardians, the one we feel least liking for is the Board of Bethnal Green; but their difficulties are very real ones, and when Mr. Hardy's Act saddles them with an additional charge equal to a year and a half's amount of their total rates, we do not wonder at their applying for counsel in their difficulties to the Poor-law Board. But they are only admitted into the official sanctuary

to be snubbed out again; it is no part of the Board's duty, they are told, to advise how the money is to be raised, but only to see that it is raised. Mr. Fleming folds his hands serenely, and the Guardians return home and obstinately fold theirs. In other words, there is a Board on strike in Bethnal Green; and, thanks to Mr. Fleming, the sick and infirm will be yet longer without proper necessaries. It is simply impossible that this sort of thing can go on. The question for the Poor-law administration is just the question which the Guardians put—How is the money to be raised? Speaking roughly, the expenditure on London pauperism has increased in the last two years by £100,000; but this increase fell exclusively on those parts of the metropolis which were burdened before. Shoreditch, for instance, has increased its annual expenses by £11,000, Bethnal Green by £7300, Whitechapel by £5500. In the face of these figures it requires more than human courage to insist that, if the problem of pauperism is to be solved at all, it must be solved, not by spasmodic benevolence, but by an increased action of the Poor-laws. But it is absolutely necessary to insist on the fact, however impracticable any action may seem. Cases like that of Poplar show that any departure from the Poor-law system only aggravates the evil, and it is the clear duty of the Poor-law Board to recognise the gravity and urgency of the task which lies before it.

For the moment, however, even the most enthusi-

astic of economists must be content with a compromise. Before us unquestionably lies a great mass of real distress, and in dealing with it we are met by two practical facts. In the first place, the Poor-law is not being worked, nor is there any immediate prospect of its being worked, to its full power; in the second place, large sums of money are being flung broadcast over the distressed districts in the most absurd and pernicious manner possible. The first step requisite is to intercept this money, and to turn it into channels where it shall, at any rate, do less harm than it is doing. Two instances will show what is, in fact, going on. A clergyman who has for years been in hopeless financial embarrassment closes his accounts with his creditors by paying a shilling in the pound. A week or two afterwards he appeals for aid in relieving the distress of his parish, and thousands at once pour in. There is no inquiry as to solvency, or responsibility, or a proper auditing of accounts; the tap is turned on, and the one question is, Who shall be the first with his bucket? But if this illustrates the careless folly with which money is contributed, the case of the East London Relief Association shows even more clearly with what incredible folly it is distributed. We are bound to own that this Society shows signs of reformation, and that in one instance at least it has entrusted its funds to a competent local body; but its general rule has been to avoid the clergy, the Poor-law authorities, and all persons of standing, and to fling cheques into

the laps of a class called "Revivalists." In Mile-End, for instance—though here the error has, we believe, been lately rectified—a large sum was sent down to a ranting preacher of the neighbourhood, whose one notion of relieving distress consisted in giving enormous breakfasts to the poor, and regaling them meanwhile with the Revivalist effusions. It is almost incredible that no notice was given to those most intimately concerned with the relief of the poor of the very existence of these "pious orgies" till they learnt them by the great increase of the ranter's congregation. Now, whatever else they may do, large and influential local committees prevent this sort of thing. The names and position of their numbers are a guarantee against any direct misappropriation of their funds; and their common sense and, let us hope, common honesty, will recoil from such feasts of absurdity and flows of soul as those at Mile-End. A still greater advantage is, that they place the burden of dealing with distress on the right shoulders. Almsgiving on an enormous scale is no part of a clergyman's duty, but in the East-end of London the clergy have been simply turned into relieving officers. They are entrusted for this purpose with sums of great magnitude. In four parishes, at no great distance from one another, between £5000 and £6000 was dispensed last winter, without inspection or account. A parish of 6000 poor received in one year £1800 from public charity; another district, of about the same size, has annually received £1000 for

some fifteen years past. We need hardly add that these parishes are sinking down each winter into yet deeper pauperism, and that one of them is actually attracting the poverty of districts around it by its golden inducements. The result is simply overcrowding and a rise in the rents; in other words, the landlords are getting all this charitable money, and the poor are simply middlemen between them and the almsgivers. The most mischievous result of entrusting funds of this sort to the clergy is the creation of a class of mendicant parsons whose whole business seems to lie in trading on public sympathy by harrowing tales of distress which would draw on meaner heads the wrath of the Mendicity Society. One clergyman boasts of having posted two hundred begging letters in a day. Another takes the whole ecclesiastical surface of England, and sweeps with his drag-net one rural deanery a month. There can be no doubt of the general honesty of the clergy, but there can be as little of their abhorrence of accounts; and one incumbent of an East-end parish, who had received large sums during his incumbency, confessed at its close that the only accounts he had kept had been putting the money into his pocket with one hand and taking it out with the other. But were they ever so accurate on this point, their very sympathy and narrowness of benevolent aim would prevent the clergy from being fit dispensers of any large amount of public alms. No persons will probably learn more from joining in local committees,

from contact with employers of labour, and from being forced to view the question of poverty from a wider and more public standing ground than their own.

It will be well if local committees grasp firmly the fact that the only way in which funds entrusted to them can be usefully applied is in supplementing parochial relief, and in co-operating with the parochial authorities. The system of the Poor-laws, whose basis must be (we quite agree with Mr. Mill) simply a duty on the State's part to provide against actual starvation, is, in practice, too rigid and inelastic to satisfy all cases of distress. To offer the higher-class artisan, where work in a few months is a certainty, the stoneyard, with sixpence a day, and a loaf a week per child, is in effect to refuse him relief; and yet it is impossible for any large economic administration to enter into the differences, moral or social, of the applicants. This a voluntary committee may do, and to such cases we are of opinion they would do wisely in confining themselves. With the general mass of chronic distress it is impossible, and if possible it would be most unadvisable, that they should concern themselves, save by bringing a judicious outside influence to bear on the Poor-law administration of the district. An intermixture of Guardians on the committee will do this better than any formal definition of connection between the two bodies; while members of this class would bring to the aid of their coadjutors a great deal of useful caution and

experience. In short, every effort should be directed to ensuring that the system which the Guardians profess to administer is strengthened, and not weakened, by their efforts. In spite of philanthropic talk, we adhere to the old-fashioned opinion that a labour test lies at the very foundation of all sound and healthy poor-relief; and any system of public benevolence which makes no effort to secure this fails at the very outset. The "stoneyard" is rather out of fashion; but we are glad to see that, in the attempt which Miss Burdett Coutts is now making in Bethnal Green to substitute a better system for the old plan of indiscriminate charity, the committee who are administering her bounty are doing so through labour. It is simply ridiculous to say that the Poor-law has failed in places like Poplar, where its first requirement is set at nought, and of their whole 9000 recipients of out-door relief, 170 only are admitted to the stoneyard. Still more important is it that these committees should remember that their office is necessarily exceptional and temporary, but not in the sense which they seem disposed to attach to the words. So long as poor-relief has to be afforded in addition to the relief from "the House," so long, whether it be summer or winter, it would be well that it should be afforded through public bodies of this kind, and not through irresponsible and personal agencies. But such a state of things should be regarded as in itself exceptional, and the whole strength of these committees might be usefully bent

to making the Poor-law administration adequate to the task it has to discharge. The subject will certainly be brought before the consideration of Parliament in the coming session, and it will rest very much with those who are learning lessons of sad experience in the present terrible distress to decide whether the deliberations of Parliament shall be brought to some useful conclusion. To weigh the facts, to note defects, to collect evidence, to form public opinion on a point where it is so profoundly uninstructed, is work quite as charitable and more beneficial to the poor than the institution of soup-kitchens, or the sowing lanes and alleys with coal-tickets.

SOUPERS AT THE EAST-END

(Jan. 25, 1868)

THERE is a style of reply which we trust is peculiar to Honorary Secretaries, and which consists, first, in affecting an indignant surprise that charges of any sort should be brought against their Societies, and then in coolly bringing forward the very facts impugned as their most indisputable title to public support. A very brilliant instance of this sort of rejoinder has lately been afforded by Mr. Somerset B. Saunderson, the Secretary of an Association established in the Adelphi for the relief of the present East-end distress, in his reply to the strictures of a correspondent of the *Times*. The correspondent of the *Times*, evidently writing with great local knowledge, and stating himself to have been long practically conversant with almsgiving in the poorer districts of that part of London, complained, reasonably enough, of the number of benevolent institutions at present working over the same area and aiming at the same end, and of the utter want of concert and unity between them. He stated, what common sense would suggest and what every one on the spot knows to

be true, that this multiplicity of independent agencies was encouraging the worst kinds of pauperism and imposition; and he cited an instance within his own cognisance where, by playing off three different sources of relief against one another, a woman had obtained seven and sixpence in a single day. The letter, in fact, was a very simple and temperate statement of what is a real and pressing difficulty in the way of helping the poor, and one would have expected a very simple and temperate reply. Mr. Saunderson's answer is to drape himself in the mantle of indignant virtue, and to point to his four hundred visitors, his sewing-classes, his ragged schools, his house-to-house visitation, his bread-tickets and coal-tickets, his packets of tea and parcels of sugar. All this may be very accurate, but it is no answer at all to the simple question over which Mr. Saunderson is so indignant. Will his Society act in union with the other institutions for the relief of East-end distress, or will it not? In Poplar, in Mile-End, in Bethnal Green, for instance, large local committees have been formed with the special purpose of concentrating the various agencies of relief and of placing them in close connection with the Boards of Guardians. So urgent is the need for some such step felt to be, that personal jealousies have for the most part given way, and the clergy and the almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress have preferred to administer their separate charities through the medium of the general committees. Will the Society in the Adelphi join these

organisations? Mr. Saunderson knows well that this Society is the only one charitable institution which, if it has not strictly refused to co-operate with these local Boards, at least maintains its intention to receive and disburse alms independently of everybody else. It is necessary, however, that this avowed intention should be publicly known. The East London Mission and Relief Society nominates local committees of its own, whose names and whose mode of action are alike utterly unknown in the districts in which they work. Practically, it is using the money entrusted to it, not for the general relief of the poor, but for the propagation of the doctrines of obscure sects—of Revivalists, or of Plymouth Brethren. It is the general complaint of the clergy and local almoners of the East of London that the operations of Mr. Saunderson's Society are the greatest hindrance which they find to a wise administration of public charity, and that they are, in fact, promoting little save pauperism, imposition, and hypocrisy.

We do not wish to confine ourselves to general charges. What the "East London Mission and Relief Society" really is doing we can best illustrate by a single instance. The Poor-law district of Mile-End, better known as the parish of Stepney, comprises some 84,000 people, great masses of whom are dependent on casual labour and are at this moment in great distress. A large committee of the kind we have described was formed there about a month ago, and comprises the bulk of the clergy, the whole of

the Dissenting ministers, the almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress, the chief employers of labour, and the more prominent of the Guardians. The ground was broken up into sub-committees and sections, and, speaking roughly, we believe about fifty of these gentlemen are engaged personally in the visitation of cases of distress and in the administration of relief. Their one great obstacle has been the Society in the Adelphi, which, though it has sent them a grant of money, has hitherto refused to place its own operations in connection with them. What those operations are we must be pardoned for stating very plainly indeed. Their district committee, after three weeks of existence, was found to be composed of twelve persons utterly obscure and unknown, and whose number rendered them obviously inadequate to deal with a district which the local committee found it difficult to work with fifty visitors. The distributors knew so little of their districts that in more than one case they had to apply for information about cases of distress to those already labouring among the poor, but whose names were, with a singular unanimity, omitted from the list of the committee. Even when particular families were pointed out to them as specially needing relief, it was found that about one visit was paid in the course of three weeks. The obvious course seemed to be that of merging this ridiculous body in the large local committee; but so far was this from being done that the Mission Relief Society, after a single grant, absolutely dis-

claimed all connection with the latter, and devoted all its funds to the support of their own nominees. By degrees the secret of this resistance to all connection oozed out; the Society required "converted men" for its distributors, and for the conversion of the clergy or the Guardians it had no guarantee. It is not easy to characterise in the English it deserves a piece of such pharisaic impertinence as this; but at any rate the Society had its will. Six of their converted twelve were deacons or members of a petty Dissenting chapel. Not one of the twelve belonged to the Church of England, nor would the local Secretary promise that any clergyman or member of that body should be admitted into their ranks. "We are thoroughly unsectarian," he exclaimed with emphasis, and then he explained that by "unsectarian" he meant a committee "composed of the three Dissenting denominations." We need not say that all the projects of the committee partook of the same unsectarian character, that sewing-class and soup-kitchen were to be held in the meeting-house or the mission-room, and that not even the decent compliment of the announcement of their existence was made to the clergy of the different parishes. Such an announcement was, in fact, by no means unnecessary; it was not till some weeks after their commencement that their existence became known to any minister of religion or guardian of the poor, and even then the greatest difficulty was experienced in discovering their names.

The greatest triumph, however, of the principle of "converted agents" has yet to be told. Among the other "unsectarian" characteristics of this Mission Relief Society is its abhorrence of all parochial or ecclesiastical divisions, and so a portion of the area of Mile-End has been severed from the rest and handed over to a second committee, which consists in effect of a single ranting Revivalist, of the name of William Booth. The breakfasts, the sewing-classes, the religious meetings, to which people are invited to subscribe, are held in his chapel, among his "Experience meetings" and his "Fellowship meetings." We have known instances where decent and respectable poor have been dragged to this place and forced for very hunger to listen to the vulgar ravings of this man and his supporters. Of course his "labours" are already crowned with success. He boasts of having "converted" a thousand people; we wonder that he has not converted tens of thousands. A theatre is filled every Sunday morning with the 1500 mendicants who are allowed a breakfast on condition that they remain "to hear the Gospel." The Gospel is carried to homes unworthy of breakfast privileges by a staff of paid distributors, whose "conversion" is worth to them ten shillings a week. This is the plain English of Mr. Saunderson's unctuous announcement that his Society is endeavouring "to bring before the poor sufferers at every meeting held in sewing-class and ragged-school, and in house-to-house visitation, the Gospel of Christ." The best comment

on such a statement is the plain fact that "poor sufferers" may be refused all assistance if they decline to listen to the doggerel parodies of Scripture, the vulgar rant, and the Revivalist rhapsodies of such a person as William Booth.

What the decent poor have to endure from this sort of thing our readers may fancy. England has hitherto been spared such exhibitions, and "soupers" have restricted their efforts to the Sister Isle. An account of a tea-meeting under the auspices of this Society, which we owe to one of the local papers, shows that something of the Hibernian tone has crossed St. George's Channel with these soupers of the East, and blended itself with their English scenes of labour. The tea-meeting opened with a discourse of the usual type. "You know," said the speaker to his thirsting and hungering audience, "that there must be a devil"; and as this elicited no response save a general cry of "Not for Joseph," he proceeded to demonstrate the necessity for the existence of this personage. The demonstration at last came to an end, but a new obstacle interposed itself between lip and tea-cup. "We must first," remarked the giver of the feast, with a precision worthy of the Rubric itself, "say, or rather sing, the grace"; and as some hesitation was shown, he encouraged his audience in the usual graceful fashion. "I know you can sing, because I have passed the 'public' sometimes, and have heard singing there. I dare say you sing at the public." The effect of such kindly exhortations is

best described by the local reporter, who seems himself to have been moved to indignation :—

The tea-party (he says) consisted of about ninety men, some of the poorest of this poor district. The bulk was composed of shoe-blacks, navvies, and costermongers. There was a moderate attendance of decent-looking mechanics, whose intellectually formed heads contrasted painfully with their attenuated and haggard faces, and whose appearance altogether indicated long suffering from want of employment. Among them were observable, when allusion was sweepingly made to the public-house, some who felt indignant at the reproval; one of them rose and put on his hat, as if intending to retire. But he hesitated while a conflict seemed to be going on within him between hunger and self-respect, which latter revolted at the coarse remark so indiscriminately made, and doubtless made him regard the meal as one which would be dearly bought. Independence, however, yielded to necessity, and he resumed his seat.

By such means as these, Mr. Saunderson tells us, his committee "hope, with God's help, to do a much greater work than simply feeding and clothing the body." In spite of the hymn and the doxology which, we are informed, brought the proceedings to a close, we much doubt whether the assistance thus glibly assumed is likely to be given to scenes such as this. Certainly it is from a very different quarter that we should look for the patronage of the most gigantic effort which has been made in our days to bring religion into contempt, and to enlist against it all the better and manlier feelings of the poor. For it must be remembered that enormous sums—£1000 a week, if Mr. Saunderson's statements are to be received—are being spent in this wonderful work of

"proving the necessity of a devil," and diffusing the Gospel according to William Booth.

Of the distribution of temporal relief in the homes of the poor we have little to say, because in the instance which has come under our notice very little indeed has been done. The house-to-house visitation is, of course, a mere farce everywhere. After weeks of existence, the Mile-End Committee had done nothing but distribute a few dozen tickets. The paid distributors of the Revivalist chapel naturally did their work better; in one instance they marched the whole population of a low court up to their meeting-house under a promise of aid, which the neophytes understood to be that of maintenance throughout the winter. This was too high a price, however, even for Mr. Booth, and his converts marched back to their original godlessness. Relief at the chapel, in fact, and not relief at the home, is the essence of the whole thing: there is the seat of the sewing-classes, the scene of the "religious breakfasts," the depôt for soup and old clothes. An Association professing to be founded on the broadest principles has lent itself to sectarian dodges of the lowest order, and the universal sympathy which was expressed for a distress so terrible, and of such vast extent, has been used for the support of a Revivalist propaganda. It is useless in Mr. Saunderson, or the Society he represents, to plead "the object to which they are pledged by their appeal"; if that object be, as they say, the bringing religion home to the poor,

the one voice of those who are working for that end in the East of London is that religion has never received so deadly a blow. It has always been difficult to keep distinct the almoner and the minister of religion, but it is a distinction which all felt it was essential to preserve. By the mouth of such persons as Booth the poor are now tempted to worship God by the bait of a breakfast and a coal-ticket. But, apart from their principles, we distinctly charge the Society with neutralising by their jealous isolation the one movement which has promised some check on the flood of pauperism. By their employment of distinct agents, and those often of the obscurest character, by their refusal to join frankly the general local committees of the districts, or to co-operate with the clergy and the existing charitable organisations, they have prevented all systematic action, and opened a wider door than ever to mendicancy and imposture.

It is time that the public should understand the principles and actual practice of a Society whose Secretary loves texts better than plain English, and should judge for itself whether it will any longer entrust its alms to the control of the narrowest of religious cliques and to the administration of Ranters, Revivalists, and Plymouth Brethren.

FRANCE AND FRENCH POOR-RELIEF

(Oct. 24, 1868)

THE winter brings poverty, and the cry of poverty brings annually to the front the endless question of the relief of the poor. The inevitable case of "death by starvation" serves as a prelude to the autumnal crusade against the poor-law; a host of doctors and clergymen, of theorists and practical philanthropists, ring the changes, till the spring comes again, on the old topics of the aversion of the honest poor to enter the workhouse, the ignorance and inhumanity of guardians, the breakdown of the indoor test, the inadequacy of out-door relief, the want of discrimination, the absurd jostling of public with private charity, the waste and the failure of the present system. We are far from sneering in official fashion at the annual recurrence of this agitation. Law only works well when it secures the assent as well as the obedience of the governed, and the fact that large bodies of thoughtful men, brought from position or sympathy into daily contact with distress, should for a quarter of a century persist in

protesting against the laws that deal with it, is to our minds a very serious matter indeed. Whether their protest takes a wise or an unwise form is another question. It is impossible that the system of poor-relief can be discussed fairly and upon its merits till irrelevant suggestions are put out of the way; and we must confess that, whatever may be the merits of the protest against the poor-laws, nine-tenths of the current suggestions for their reform are simply irrelevant. The principles upon which the present system of poor-relief in England is based may be right principles or wrong ones, but it is ridiculous to suggest as an amendment of that system the adoption of methods grounded on, and logically worked from, precisely opposite principles. The two prominent cries of poor-law reformers—the cry for the adoption of the methods at work among the Jews, and the more popular cry for an imitation of the Bureau de Bienfaisance—are cries not for the reform, but for the abolition of the poor-law. It is with the last of these that we purpose to deal. The small number of the Jewish poor, the wealth of the community to which they belong, and the religious circumstances which peculiarly affect their case, so obviously modify the conditions of the question that, in spite of the zealous advocacy of Dr. Stallard, the system has made little impression on the public. With the French system it is very different. A vague idea has been produced by highly-coloured and inaccurate statements, such as those of Mr. Blanchard

Jerrold in his *Lutetia*, that, if not in France generally, at any rate in Paris, the problem of pauperism has been solved. Starvation, say its advocates, is impossible; the feelings of the poor are respected; the agencies of private benevolence are organised and placed in harmony with those of public charity. It is no wonder that, in the face of such a picture as this, our own system seems a miserable blunder, and that winter after winter brings us a thousand admonitions that "they manage these things better in France." But before we can adopt the French system it will be as well for us to realise what the French system is, and our readers will pardon us if we are compelled to drag them through very dry facts and figures in our explanation of it.

It is, in fact, very difficult to describe the exact status of the Bureau de Bienfaisance. It is a private association recognised by the State as performing a public duty, receiving aid from the State to enable it to discharge that duty efficiently, and, if partly directed by the representatives of private benevolence, controlled in a far greater degree by the representatives of the State. If we suppose the Society for the Relief of Distress localised in a country town, where mayor and aldermen are *ex officio* members of it, while its expenditure and action are almost absolutely under the control of a secretary and treasurer nominated by the Home Secretary, we shall have some notion of the Bureau de Bienfaisance. Such a Bureau exists in every arrondissement of

Paris, with the Maire at the head of it, his adjoints acting as *ex officio* members, and a paid Secrétaire-Trésorier, appointed by the Directeur de l'Assistance Publique, and responsible to him for the due administration of the funds. These funds arise from public contributions, the "ressources intérieures," and from public grants, the "ressources publiques." The relative proportions of the two sums in the fifth arrondissement for the year 1867 were as follows:—"Ressources intérieures," 39,000 francs; "ressources publiques," 400,000 francs. The total expenditure of all the Bureaux de Bienfaisance in Paris collectively for the year 1865 amounted to 4,049,450 francs—in round numbers to £162,000. The familiar box "Pour les Pauvres," at the porch of every church or cathedral, explains at once the source of the private funds of the Bureau; they arise from the voluntary contributions of the charitable within the arrondissement, which, instead of being dissipated, as with us, among a multitude of independent societies and irresponsible individual agents, reach the needy almost exclusively through the medium of this one Bureau. The source of the vastly larger sums granted to it by the central administration of the Assistance Publique is not quite so obvious. "Nos ressources," as its directeur terms them, are, in fact, neither more nor less than the whole fund devoted to charitable purposes throughout the French Empire. In 1782 the hospices and hospitals were permitted—or, as the polite phrase ran, invited—by Louis XVI.

to surrender the whole of their property to the Government, in return for a fixed annual sum of which the Government undertook the application and management. The confiscations of the Revolution completed the work of centralisation, and in the present state of the law it is almost impossible so to contrive the constitution of a hospital or a school as to secure it from the clutches of the State. From a memorandum addressed to the Academy by M. Cochin — an honoured name among French philanthropists—it appears that the steps necessary to secure for a charitable institution immunity from State control are no less than twenty-one. Even when sufficient precautions have been taken, the charter or foundation deed in which they are embodied requires the Emperor's sign-manual; and under the most favourable circumstances a space of two years is required for its safe passage through the various departments of the administration.

The Directeur de l'Assistance Publique has in this way become a sort of Grand Charity Commissioner Extraordinary, clothed with absolute power over all property dedicated to charitable purposes, and the one source from which the national rate-in-aid (to use an English phrase) can be drawn to supplement the meagre resources of private benevolence. But if the administration supplies the bulk of the funds it claims to itself the entire control of them. Each year the Prefect of the Seine receives a list of forty-eight names from each arrondissement, half proposed

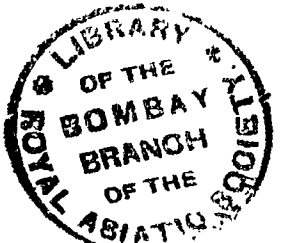
by its particular bureau, half nominated by the Directeur de l'Assistance Publique. These names the Prefect submits to the Minister of the Interior, who selects from among them twelve "administrateurs." Though nominated in this way by the State the services of the "administrateurs" are entirely voluntary and gratuitous, while each has an unlimited number of equally voluntary and gratuitous "commissaires" and "dames de charité"—in plain English, male and female district visitors—working under him. The medical staff of the Bureau consists of ten doctors, with stipends of about £40 a year, in consideration of which they are bound to attend the Bureau once a week for consultation, and to visit the sick at their homes whenever called upon to do so. To this department of the Bureau two clerks are attached, one remaining in constant attendance to receive applications for medical treatment, the other visiting the applicants at their houses, and deciding whether the cases are proper subjects for relief. It is in the application of this test that the radical difference between the systems on the two sides of the Channel at once makes itself felt.

When we hear nonsense talked every day about the French poor-law, it is as well to remember that there is no poor-law in France. For good or for ill, England is the only country in the world in which the State confers upon every man with an empty stomach a legal right to get it filled at the public

expense. No such legal right exists on the other side the Channel; and in the absence of any legislative provision for the destitute, there are, of course, no institutions in Paris answering to our workhouses. The Dépôts de Mendicité in its neighbourhood and elsewhere answer not to these, but to the establishments which the statutes of Elizabeth and James ordered the justices to provide, "for keeping, correcting, and setting to work of rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and other idle and disorderly persons." In a word they are strictly penal establishments, and their inmates have obtained admission simply in virtue of their conviction before a magistrate of the "délit de mendicité." Significant, however, as the dépôts are, we pass them over for the present to deal with those branches of the subject which are more immediately concerned with the questions commonly raised about the poor-laws. The usual qualifications for assistance from the great charitable institutions whose organisations we have already sketched point at once to the limits within which their efforts are confined. The Bureau deals with cases of old age exceeding sixty-three years; with destitute families in which are three children, or more, under the age of fourteen; with destitute widows or widowers burdened with two children under the same age. The sick, lying-in women, orphans, and abandoned children, receive exceptional treatment, of which the details are too various and complicated to be described here. No indigent head

of a family can be inscribed in the books of the Bureau unless he gives proof that his children attend school, and unless he consents to have them vaccinated. It is, however, rather to the scale of relief than to the limits of it that we would direct our readers' attention. No one, as we have pointed out, has a legal claim on the public alms, and their distribution is a matter of sheer grace and favour. How far this favour is from affording a "maintenance" we may judge from the fact that the average allowance to an indigent family containing three or more children under fourteen years of age is twenty-four kilogrammes of bread, an amount equal to about six quartern loaves and a half per month. A franc or two may be given towards payment of rent in the course of the year, and possibly a trifle of clothing in the winter. A single man or woman over sixty-three years of age, and receiving relief on that account, gets four kilogrammes of bread, rather more than two quartern loaves, a month; if over seventy-four a monthly pension of five francs may be added. The English Guardian will probably admire these economical doles, but what will the autumnal protesters against the poor-laws say to the sum total of fifty-two francs per annum which the Assistance Publique lays down as a fair average allowance to each indigent "ménage"? The idea, in fact, of a family living exclusively upon charity is never for a single moment entertained at Paris. It is assumed that every one does something for himself or herself,

and that that which is given by the Bureau is really assistance, and not maintenance. How far such a theory of public aid is superior to, as it is radically different from our own, how far both point to the inadequacy of law to deal with social problems of such a character, are questions which, with many others, we are unable to discuss at the close of an article, but to which we may return at some future time.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BENEVOLENCE AND THE POOR

(Jan. 23, 1869)

THE most amusing, if it were not the most pathetic, of all the instances of distress which the winter has of late brought before us, is the distress of a really kind-hearted man who wishes to do something for the poor. A host of societies beseech him to check his first instincts of benevolence, and set before him the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving; but no sooner does he depute to his censors the task of more wisely administering his charities, than these societies themselves are denounced as the chief producers of pauperism. He turns to the clergy, but the clergy are half convinced that their course of late has been only a revival of the old system of doles; while a chorus of Guardians attributes to the almoner, the sister of mercy, and the district visitor, the sudden increase of mendicancy which has undone the work of the Poor-laws. A little discomfited, perhaps, at finding that there is really no room for any personal benevolence of his own, the philanthropist buttons up his pocket, leaves the poor to the Poor-laws, and

plunges into his *Times*. But even here he is far from peace. Morning after morning his breakfast-table is seasoned with denunciations of the very system which professed to be all-sufficient, with protests against the incompetence of the central office, the ignorance of Guardians, workhouse mismanagement, the neglect of the sick, the starvation of the poor. Indignation turns him into a reformer; he sits patiently under the endless statistics of the Adelphi; he studies the systems of Elberfeld, of Paris, of the Jews. Unluckily, each new system breaks down under the triumphant criticism of its rivals; each demands, as a first condition, an entire change in our legal and constitutional views of things, while it is plain that to introduce any one of them would be the work of a lifetime. At this stage even the most persevering of philanthropists might be pardoned for abandoning his quest, and falling back with a sigh of relief on the familiar beggar at the crossing. The disappointment has, in fact, come to most of us, but a disappointment is sometimes a gain in forcing people to consult possibilities. Now that the storm of the Adam Street theorists has a little subsided, it may be possible to set about considering, not the great question of how to abolish our present Poor-laws, but the smaller one of how to make the best of them.

What is wanted, in fact, is not a radical change of system, but less rigidity and less red tape. Officialism, however, can scarcely be expected to open its

arms to reformers who are yet more exclusive and self-sufficient than itself. There is hardly a single suggestion which has been made in the voluminous correspondence of the last two months which does not possess some value, but the value of each is commonly marred by representing it as the one thing needful. A gigantic scheme of emigration, which looks on America or Australia as the mere recipients of what Mr. Carlyle calls "Rubbish shot here," is so ludicrously impossible that one is tempted to set aside emigration altogether. But such a remedy is singularly adapted to local and temporary gluts of unemployed labour, such as the past winters have seen at Poplar and Limehouse, and it is sudden gluts such as these with which the ordinary system of poor-relief is least calculated to deal. Another heroic remedy, that of the penal treatment of pure pauperism in the mass by the withdrawal of such civil rights as the control of his children from any parent on his third application for relief, or by the treatment of drunkenness—the great parent of pauperism—as a legal crime, is big enough in its impossibility to hide out of sight the smaller and more practicable course of putting the man whose deliberate misconduct brings his children to penury, on the same criminal footing with the man who is now punished for throwing precisely the same burden on the rates by the desertion of his family. The chief objection to the Elberfeld scheme of dealing with the poor is a precisely similar one. Elberfeld is a thriving town with a singularly sensible man, the

brother of the present Finance Minister of North Germany, at the head of it. The municipal regulations of the place allow the central Board of Guardians to call some three hundred of their fellow-citizens to their aid, and to set each of these as a "father" over some four families among the number of those relieved from the rates. It is needless to go into the details of grouping by which this large organisation is bound together; its essence lies in this intimate and personal supervision of the poor, and the word "father" very fairly expresses the spirit of the system. Both the sides of paternal government are fairly represented. On the one hand, the duties of the "father" are far from being confined to administering necessary relief; he investigates carefully the causes of the distress and the character of the family; he is expected to exert a moral influence over his flock, and to aid personally in procuring employment for those who are willing to work. On the other hand, he possesses a father's penal power; on his report the gambler, idler, or drunkard is liable to imprisonment, and the same penalty awaits the pauper who refuses to work to his full strength when work is given him, or the unemployed labourer who has not made a sufficient effort to obtain employment. This penal power is, in fact, the backbone of the whole system; moral influence would be wasted on the "sturdy beggar" whom our English law allows to "throw himself on the parish" when he will. But, save to the limited extent which we have before

pointed out, such a penal treatment of pauperism would be impossible here; while the minute official supervision and interference—in fact, the "paternal government"—which is the essence of the whole, would to our national temper be unbearable. It must not be forgotten, too, that in its practical working such a plan would involve the danger of the most meddlesome and vexatious tyranny. A small tradesman, placed at the head of a group of pauper families, would hardly fail to use his position in a way directly profitable to himself, and to procure forced labour at a rate beneath its market value. In fact, with laws such as those at Elberfeld it would be possible, by a simple combination of the employers and a rigid enforcement of the laws against "idleness," to reduce wages to a minimum and to place the labouring class absolutely at their masters' mercy.

That the introduction of the Elberfeld scheme in its present form into England is impossible does not, however, diminish its suggestive value. It is noteworthy that the personal supervision which forms its chief feature is rendered possible by a general conviction that the reduction of pauperism is the common business of all, and that it is not a task which can be deputed to paid officials. Nor is it the least valuable feature of the plan, as it is reported, that this sense is brought home to the working classes themselves by including artisans among the district supervisors. One cannot help wishing that some mode of re-

presentation could be devised, by which delegates of the working classes should themselves sit among the Guardians of the poor. Nothing would bring home more forcibly to the very masses from whom pauperism springs its real nature and the necessity of mastering it. At present, abuse the tradesmen-Guardians as we may, theirs is the one class which fairly takes its part in this great work of coping with national distress. But, as we have said, the essence of the whole scheme lies in the plan of personal supervision. It is impossible to doubt the power of this when we find it reducing the number of the pauper class by two-thirds—a reduction which is yet more remarkable as a moral gain to the community than it is as an economical one. The impossibility of introducing such compulsory supervision as that at Elberfeld we have already acknowledged, but it does not follow that superintendence need lose all its power by losing its compulsory character. Here, in fact, we think, lies the true field of private benevolence. The man who would devote himself to the moral and social elevation of half a dozen pauper families would be cutting off the very spring of pauperism. What has yet been done by the clergy, or by the voluntary agencies associated with them, has been done on too wide and diffuse a scale to prove anything better than mere almsgiving. What is wanted is the spirit of self-sacrifice which would induce a man to concentrate all his energies on some four disagreeable homes, and to work at them, if need be, for years. It is not a

question of giving money; benevolence in this sense destroys the very relation which a true friend to the poor would wish to create. The sense of a friendly interest taken in them, the offer of a healthy sympathy, the knowledge where to go for counsel and advice, the certainty that there is some one to look to for help when help may fairly and rightly be given,—these are moral elements whose power it would be impossible to exaggerate in the redemption of the poor. A word will often ensure the child's regularity at school, the cleanliness of the house, respectable dress and demeanour. A very little time and thought will often find new spheres of work for the unemployed, get the girl out into decent service, or find the boy a remunerative place. No one who has not worked personally among the poor knows how wanting they are in shiftiness and inventiveness, how thriftless in poverty, how apathetic when the bad time comes. But it often needs only a suggestion to induce them to "lay by," or to rouse them to new efforts to obtain employment. That, as a class, they are wonderfully grateful for any sympathy, and inclined to repose only too great a confidence in any whom they believe to be their friends, the experience of every clergyman and district visitor could tell. The lesson is a very simple and homely one, but it is the lesson of the Elberfeld experiment, and it is none the worse for being an answer to our wandering and disappointed philanthropist. We would simply advise any reader who is gently tormented with his desire to do some

good to the poor, to take the first four families on the relieving-officer's list, and to see what a year's personal friendship, counsel, and aid can do towards putting them into a position to help themselves.

HISTORIC STUDY IN FRANCE[1]

(Oct. 17, 1868)

THERE was nothing unreasonable in the hope which Augustin Thierry expressed in 1834 that history would give its name to the nineteenth as philosophy had given its name to the eighteenth century. His own name stood prominent in the band of great writers who, for France at least, soon justified his hope. It was their aim to blend together the excellences of the two schools of historic study which had preceded the Revolution—to combine the largeness of scope, the philosophic breadth of Voltaire, with the exact research, the profound learning of the Benedictines of St. Maur. But it was something more than this eclectic spirit which in Sismondi, Michelet, de Barante, Mignet, and Thiers, placed France only thirty years ago at the head of the historical schools of Europe. The first lull of the Revolution enabled men to realise the vastness of the change it had wrought. In France the change had

[1] *Rapports des études historiques.* Par MM. Geffroy, Zeller, et Thiénot. Paris.

been not so much a political as a social one. The whole fabric of French society before 1789 had been roughly swept away. A new people resting on a new principle, the principle of social equality, had taken the place of the warring classes of monarchical France. The change had been wrought by a Revolution, by a series of dramatic events, by the sudden appearance of men of an heroic type, by wars and triumphs and defeats that gave a new colour and activity to the life of the world. Above all, the very chaos of the first destruction, the gigantic energy of a freed people, the Nemesis that waited alike on the excesses of republic or empire, read to the children of the Revolution like a vindication of the great laws of truth and justice and liberty which the world could never forget. If moral discrimination, love of right, contempt for mere glory, borrows in Sismondi something of pedantry and narrowness from his sojourn at Geneva, there is still a grandeur in the attitude of the man as he looks on unmoved at the marvellous exploits of Napoleon, and deliberately chooses freedom and peace in the face of the Empire and Austerlitz. There is not one, indeed, of the school in whom this sense of the moral aspect of history is wanting, though in de Barante it is rather the interest, the movement, the picturesqueness of the time which he looks for and finds and reflects for his readers in the past. But it is the social change which we feel as really inspiring the whole group; they do for history what the Revolution had done for

France, they sweep away kings and nobles and priests to find the people beneath them. It is the serfage of the people under the Chinese organisation of the Roman rule, its emancipation under the barbarians and the Church, that M. Guizot really investigated in his well-known Lectures. Thierry, so unfortunately known to the bulk of English readers by his one bad work, the *History of the Norman Conquest*, continued in his researches into the communal history of France that story of "the third estate" which he had begun in his *Récits Mérovingiens*. The great work in which Michelet painted the fortunes of France to the eve of the Renaissance summed up all the various excellences of the school. Seizing the Teutonic origin of the nation with a bolder grasp than Thierry, surpassing de Barante in the picturesqueness of his mediæval detail, reserved and conscientious as Guizot, loving justice and truth no less zealously and with a far greater discrimination than Sismondi, infinitely superior to all in the Benedictine minuteness of his research, and in the wide and varied range of his knowledge, what really lifted M. Michelet above his fellows was the intense human sympathy which enabled him to understand and to express the subtlest as well as the deepest voices of the past. It is easy to pass over an extravagance here and there in pages which give us the very soul of the Celt as he sits singing his weird dirges on the rocks of Brittany, of the Flemish weaver as he bends over his loom at Bruges, of Jeanne d'Arc as she dreams at Domrémy.

Not merely because he is a poet, artist, philosopher, antiquary, archivist, in one, but because he is penetrated above all other historians with human sympathy, the earlier history of M. Michelet ranks among the greatest historic creations that the world has seen since the close of the *Decline and Fall.*

It is perhaps natural that the authors of the Reports now before us on the present state of historical study in France,—Reports addressed to his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction,—should find a subject for congratulation in a "second phase of the historic revolution," which has substituted for works and names such as these a chaos of monographs and the school-books of M. Duruy. "*La méthode historique est en progrès!*" It is interesting, by the light of the very useful summary of the work of the last twenty-five years which they have given us, to see in what this historic progress consists. Of the older names of the first school some yet survive. The History of the Revolution of 1640 has appeared since that of 1848 gave M. Guizot a new period of literary leisure. We still look for the successive volumes in which M. Michelet is linking his earlier history with that of 1789. But no real insight into the social or religious phenomena of the time rewards us in the one, while the other has quitted the domain of history altogether. We have no desire to repeat the sparkling little criticism with which the Imperialist compilers of this Report think fit to squib M. Michelet; his true fault lies not in the physiological

tendency of his mind, but in the individual. He has let go the people, to fasten again on priests and kings; and history in his later volumes has dwindled into biography. Even in the earlier portion of his work we could willingly part with a portrait so noble as that of Coligny in exchange for a vivid picture of the Huguenot enthusiasm of the sixteenth century; but in the later it is far harder to forgive the hand which might have given us France seething with revolutionary elements, and which presents us instead with the infamies of the *Parc aux cerfs*. A change of a very different sort has passed over M. Thiers. In a merely literary point of view the *Consulat et l'empire* is a work of far higher merits than his panegyric on the Revolution; historically, it is vastly inferior. Its lucid arrangement, the clearness and precision of its style, the easy grace with which the details of a budget, the intricacies of a diplomatic intrigue, the manœuvres of a battle-field, are all rendered simple and intelligible to the most careless of readers, undoubtedly place the later work at the head of "drum and trumpet" histories. Unfortunately, however, France has disappeared. Of the temper, the daily life, the hopes and fears of the great people who wrought all this wonderful work, a single novel of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian tells us more than the twenty volumes of M. Thiers. There is, in fact, through the whole period which these Reports survey, only one single work of real historic eminence, the well-known *History of the Revolution* by M. Louis

Blanc. We are by no means forgetting the voluminous gentleman whose history is perhaps better known in England than any of those which we have mentioned. There is no doubt that M. Henri Martin is a very painstaking and industrious person, and that by dint of writing and re-writing he has made his history a very different work from that which originally bore his name. But M. Martin is a mere compiler, and, pretentious as it is, his history still bears in every page signs of the scissors and paste-pot in which it began. To read everything that has been written on the subject, to make careful analyses, and to pin them together, is not to write history. The book, in fact, is typical of the stage at which historical study has actually arrived. "*La muse est devenue plus exigeante,*" say these gentlemen in their pleasant way; and history is smothered in the State Paper Office. So prodigious has been the store of original documents, charters, rolls, despatches, memoirs which have of late been disinterred from the archives of the past, that history has retrograded into annals. It is not every one who can deal with enormous masses of uninteresting facts as de Tocqueville dealt with them in his *L'Ancien régime,* extracting all that was really living and essential from the forms in which it lay buried. It is easier to transfer the whole mass of facts to the pages of so-called histories, and to let the distracted reader do the sifting. Histories grow longer and longer in extent, shorter and shorter in the time they cover, simply because historians read

more and think less than their predecessors. The inevitable result is that history dies down into the biography, into the monograph, and this is the stage at which historical literature has arrived in France. Here and there a work of the first order, like Poirson's *History of Henry the Fourth*, emerges from the mass; but for the most part the "*études*" which form the characteristic of the present period are simply the result of intellectual cowardice. It required the courage as well as the genius of Gibbon to smelt down the brute ore of the Byzantine chroniclers into the pure gold of the *Decline and Fall*.

We do not intend at present applying the principles on which we have dwelt to historical literature on this side of the Channel, although the temptation to inquire how far the same tendencies are producing the same results here as abroad is a sufficiently strong one. One infliction we have at any rate avoided. If we have no one, save perhaps Mr. Froude, in whom the religious sentiment expresses itself so gracefully and with such true poetry as in Ozanam, we have at any rate no writer of note who has descended to the unctuous prettyism of Count Montalembert. We hardly know a book of equal historical rank that is so absolutely untrue to the whole temper and tone of the times of which it treats as his much praised *Monks of the West*. It was trying to have Scotchmen turning St. Columba into a bishop-hating Presbyterian; it is intolerable to have him turned into a smug priest from the latest *séminaire*. It would be

curious to inquire why we have done so little in one of the greatest and most promising fields of modern research, the comparative history of religions, so admirably begun in the works of Burnouf and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, or in the philological investigation of the earliest human origins. It would, at any rate, be easy to produce works more accurate than the summaries of MM. Pictet and Renan. The strong classical reaction which followed on the mediæval enthusiasm of thirty years ago has produced in France a host of very interesting monographs, but no works which can compare in value or extent with those of Mr. Grote or Mr. Finlay; yet it must be owned that Germany has been the first, in Mommsen and Curtius, to pour a real life and interest into the annals of Greece and Rome. Where our neighbours have a huge start of us is in the character of their manuals and school-books. We have nothing to compare with Lavallée's *History of France*, or with the series of handbooks to classical and modern history which are now appearing under the patronage of M. Duruy. Some series of the kind, we believe, has long been in hand for the Oxford Delegates, and Mr. Kingsley has promised us a *Child's History of England*, which will perhaps send us back a little more contented to our *Student's Hume*. But it is a disgrace to English literature, which these Reports bring keenly home to us, that we have no short history of our country which is not at once blundering and dull.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS AND THE LAMBETH LIBRARY

(Sept. 14, 1867)

In one of the most entertaining of his recent sketches of English life, M. Esquiros has described a visit which he made to Lambeth, and the vivid impressions he received as he first saw the grey pile looking out over the Thames, or threaded the still gardens and silent galleries crowded with a long line of pictured Primates, or climbed the stairs, gloomy with horrors which are none the less horrors for being a little apocryphal, of the famous Lollards' Tower, which jostles so roughly with the trim mansion of Archbishop Howley. But by a singular accident the inquisitive visitor seems to have missed one of the most curious and characteristic features of the scene. The noble dining-hall, with which tradition characteristically couples the name of the genial Juxon, has in our less hospitable days served as a shrine for a collection of manuscripts and books which, though legally the personal property of the Archbishops, has for centuries been

placed at the service of literature and the Church. The Library was, in fact, the oldest public library in England, and the original orders for its regulation bear no less a name than that of Francis Bacon. The collection of manuscripts, some twelve hundred in number, which had gathered, through the learned liberality of primate after primate, round the original nucleus of the Canterbury registers, have long been famous among ecclesiastical and historical students, and have contributed more than any one other single source to the series of publications which have been of late undertaken by the Master of the Rolls and such literary associations as the Camden or the Early English Text Societies. The papers of Wake, of Wharton, of Gibson, brought its interest down to far later times; while the mass of books, extending over every topic of ecclesiastical literature, comprised an almost unique series of early-printed English works, which are well known through the catalogue of Dr. Maitland. The last name reminds us how directly the Library has told on ecclesiastical literature through its own custodians. The manuscript collections of Ducarel, the Anglia Sacra which forms but a small part of the stores accumulated by the miraculous industry of Henry Wharton, the labours of Maitland on the Dark Ages and the Reformation, are not unworthily matched in our own day by the series of works with which the present Librarian, Professor Stubbs, without dispute the most learned among

English historic inquirers, is enriching our national literature.

To close this Library to literature, and to break the learned tradition of more than three centuries, has been the last freak of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ere they separated for their autumnal holidays. The tale, stripped of technicalities, is a very simple one indeed. An Act of last session by one of its clauses expressly enabled the Commissioners, who through recent changes have become the possessors of a good half of the old revenues of the see of Canterbury, to take upon themselves the charges of the maintenance of the Library and the payment of the Librarian. The books themselves were in the usual state of an old collection, and required the expenditure of some two thousand pounds for their binding and restoration; while the stipend of the Librarian, which had remained fixed at its ancient scale of £40, was so absurdly inadequate, that, though the dignity of the position might tempt a distinguished scholar to accept it, it was impossible to expect that the Library could be made of any great service to the public generally. The proposal of the Archbishop, as we understand it, was simply that the Commissioners should do for the Library what he himself would have done had the £15,000 a year which his see has lost remained in his pockets, instead of passing into theirs. He proposed that they should devote a sufficient sum to the thorough renovation of the books and papers, and should endow the Librarian

with a salary which might enable him to employ the requisite assistance, and to throw open the Library to the public for at least four days in every week. To the original proposition, when made some years ago, the Commissioners had pleaded their inability to devote any of the funds at their disposal to purposes other than the direct relief of spiritual destitution; and the enabling Act of last session disposed of their conscientious difficulty only to stimulate their ingenuity to the creation of fresh obstacles. After long and tedious negotiations they have finally refused, we believe, to allow any sum whatever for putting the Library into a decent state of repair, and have offered a stipend to the Librarian which is equal to the pay of a junior clerk in their office. The decision has proved too much even for the bland patience of an Archbishop of Canterbury; and we cannot be surprised that the Primate has rejected a proposal which would effectually defeat his plans for making the Library of more general service to literary inquirers, and, by the decisive step of closing the Library and dismissing the Librarian, has at once signified his refusal to allow things to continue on their present inadequate footing, and his resolution frankly to appeal to the public to judge between himself and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

As to the judgment of the public on this wretched piece of official economy, we have very little doubt indeed; but the whole proceeding is too thoroughly in harmony with the general system of the Com-

missioners to allow us to single it out for any special censure. Their theory was very fairly expressed in the original objection which Parliament, by its late Act, set aside. Established for the general good of the Church of England, they have narrowed their aim down to the multiplication of pauper parsons, or, in their own grander phrase, to the relief of the spiritual destitution of the country. Their triumphant justification, whenever an attack is directed against them, is to point to fresh districts created and fresh supplies of perpetual curates sown thickly over the land. To the mind of the Commissioners the perpetual curate is the unit of the ecclesiastical problem, and the relief of spiritual necessities is a simple sum in addition. If one pauper incumbent won't do, try a hundred; and if a hundred won't do, try a thousand. Sees, prebends, golden rectories, vanish one by one into the magic crucible, and come out stamped with the one ecclesiastical stamp. Now our objection to this is the simplest and most practical of objections: the system is a total failure, even for the purpose which it alone pretends to answer. It simply does not relieve spiritual destitution. That destitution lies chiefly among the great masses of the poor whom ecclesiastical statisticians are so fond of styling "heathens" when they wish to demonstrate the necessity for the creation of another Peel parish; and the question whether these masses go to church one atom more than they did has received a very sufficient answer, where one would hardly look for it,

in the evidence given before the Commission on Ritual. The Ritualists assert that their system has originated in the failure of all previous efforts to make any real impression on the mass of the poor; and they certainly do prove that, in any large sense, the poor have hitherto been untouched. On the other hand their opponents contend, and contend with some appearance of probability, that the attempt of the Ritualists is as ineffective as their own. Anyhow, the failure is confessed, and the confession is all-important when we remember that it is to this end, and this end alone, that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have for a whole generation been devoting millions of Church revenues. The success of their new brooms was the only justification that could be pleaded for the clean sweep of every older institution which they have for thirty years been making with them, and that justification every day is making it more impossible for them to plead. That the Lambeth Library and the Lambeth Librarian shall be swept away to provide for another perpetual curate of enormous usefulness may or may not be a right thing, but that they should be swept away to provide £300 a year for another gentleman of very doubtful utility can hardly be other than a wrong.

We do not, however, dwell further on what to many may appear a simply ecclesiastical point of view, because there is a far higher point of view from which people are beginning to judge, and to judge somewhat severely, the system of the Ecclesiastical

Commissioners. Men who have taken little directly religious interest in the Church of England have of late been discovering her value as a centre of religious culture. However unanswerable the purely congregational or independent theories may appear, experience has shown that their ultimate outcome is in a multitude of Little Bethels, and that in Little Bethels dwelleth, as far as culture is concerned, no good thing. Even while acknowledging the great benefits which Dissenting bodies have conferred on England in bygone days, men are revolting more and more against the narrowness, the faith in platitudes, the want of breadth and geniality, the utter deadness to the artistic and intellectual influences of the day, which seems to have passed into their very life and existence. On the other hand, even if Philistines abound in it, the spirit and tone of the Church of England has never been wholly Philistine. It has managed somehow fairly to reflect and represent the varying phases of English life and English thought; it has developed more and more a certain original largeness and good-tempered breadth of view; it has embraced a hundred theories of itself and its own position which, jar as they may, have never in any case descended to the mere mercantile "pay-over-the-counter" theory of Little Bethel. Above all, it has found room for almost every shade of religious opinion; it has answered at once to every revival of taste, of beauty, of art. And the secret of it all has been that it is still a learned Church; not learned in

the sense of purely theological or ecclesiastical learning, but able to show among its clergy men of renown in every branch of literature, critical, poetical, historical, or scientific. Its connection with the Universities, its actual social position, and its possession of posts of leisure, have been the chief causes of this peculiar tone of learning, but it is a characteristic which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have set themselves steadily to trample under their feet. For years they have been backing the popular nonsense about "working clergy," as if Hooker in his study was not as strictly a working clergyman as the Rev. Mr. Smith pottering in and out of the cottages of Buncom-in-the-Mud. They have swept away sinecures, they have swept away canonries, they have cut down deaneries till Deans are obliged to turn parochial clergymen to get a dinner, they have divided and subdivided all livings that were accounted prizes, till they can look round at last in triumph on the vast unbroken flats of a "Blomfield Level." It must have been unpleasant in the midst of their self-congratulation to have the Primate insisting that they should do something for a great literary institution which, if it means anything, means that the old theory of the Church of England as to the connection of religion and learning was not quite the theory of Lord Chichester and Bishop Jeune. While this great Library lay open to the public as a part, and a notable part, of the palace of the chief prelate of the English Church, it would hardly be easy to represent

that Church as relying simply on the "pious-minister" system of Little Bethel for the relief of "spiritual necessities." We do not wonder, therefore, at the resolute opposition of the Commissioners to the proposal for its endowment, and for making it of more general service to the public. But we shall wonder very much if the many students, literary and historical, to whom the closing of the Library is a real deprivation and loss, will think themselves repaid by the creation of another perpetual curate at £300 a year.

PROFESSOR STUBBS'S INAUGURAL LECTURE

(March 2, 1867)

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It is just this broad survey of the world that is needed to give its due weight and dignity to any branch of study. Every place of education is necessarily tempted to estimate the importance of particular departments of learning rather by accidents peculiar to itself and to their relation to itself than by their general position in the minds and interests of man. That elevation above the local prepossessions of any particular University which the wanderings of students from Padua to Paris, and from Paris to Oxford, won for the Middle Ages, and which the conception of a Republic of Letters preserved, however vaguely, for the seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries, seems difficult to realise now, when Universities have shrunk into so much smaller parts of the world's education, and when within them seductive tests of value are constantly at hand in the different proportions or rewards, such as

Fellowships and Professorships, which the institutions of the place attach to each different branch of intellectual inquiry. Mr. Stubbs will have done a real service to Oxford if only by reminding her that her work must ever be estimated by her relation to the world of letters and education of which she is but a part. The lofty position which he desires for his Chair must rest rather on the merits of its later occupants than on the traditions of its earlier history. Mr. Stubbs has lingered over its origin to do amusing justice to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Froude, if we remember rightly, omitted one real merit in the catalogue of more doubtful ones on which he based his defence of Henry VIII.: we mean the steady support he afforded to historical investigations, his care to rescue the most important historical manuscripts from the neglected libraries of the great abbeys, his patronage of Leland and Polydore Vergil. Mr. Stubbs does not hesitate to fling the tomes of Eccard and Leibnitz at all heads that refuse to bow before the Four Georges. However ignorant we may be of the "enormous number of historical books which, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, issued under ducal patronage from the presses of Helmstadt, Gottingen, and Hanover," the *Annals of the House of Brunswick* by Leibnitz may perhaps suffice to convince us of the historic taste which, from Henry the Lion, seems to have descended to the Hanoverian rulers of even our own day; for to the patronage of the Kings of

Hanover, more than any other of the German princes, has been owing the successful undertaking of the greatest historical collection of modern times—the Monumenta of Pertz. Already the patron of Leibnitz, of Struve, of Muratori, it is likely enough that it was from a real love of historic studies that George I. founded his twin Professorships of Modern History at the two Universities. But if his purpose was the encouragement of his favourite study, that object was signally foiled. The Tory University looked coldly on the Whig Professorship; and the character and attainments of the Whig Professors did justice to the hostility of their opponents. The earlier professors were either dependants of the Court, or men of note in other fields of Literature. In spite of the chivalrous attempt of his successor to rescue Dr. Nares from the limbo of dulness to which Lord Macaulay's verdict has consigned the author of the *Life of Lord Burleigh*, it is not till we reach the name of Arnold that the Professorship becomes of any real importance. But Arnold's work was interrupted almost as soon as it began; the sympathies and interest of the University were whirled away to questions of a different order; and the real establishment of Modern History as a branch of Oxford study dates from the foundation of a distinct school for its pursuit, and from the lectures of the late Professor. The school has undoubtedly taken firm root in Oxford, and Mr. Stubbs can look round on a brother-professor, a compact body of

historical tutors, and an increasing number of historical students, in justification of his ardent hopes. But in spite of the distinguished names which the Professor adduces as already due to his school, such as those of Mr. Kington and Mr. Bryce, it cannot be said that as yet Oxford forms any very marked exception to Dr. Shirley's complaint that "there are few who do really love and care for history." It may be, indeed, that in face of the singular conception which the powers that be seem to entertain as to what history is, the efforts even of such men as Dr. Shirley are ineffective in removing the impression made upon minds very open to impressions by the promotion of a popular novelist to the historical chair at Cambridge, of the elevation of a leading metaphysician to the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The ground of such appointments is, no doubt, some vague notion in the minds of those to whom we owe them, that history is no special or definite study, but a part of that general mass of things which "every gentleman is expected to know." While such an idea is propagated by such appointments, it is hopeless to expect that young men will work in earnest at such a study. It is the first merit in the appointment of an historian to the chair of History, in the case of Mr. Stubbs, that it is at any rate a confession that such a study as that of history exists.

In spite, however, of temporary discouragements such as these, we think that the very nature of the

place itself, and of the subjects studied there, seem to point out Oxford as the fittest spot for the foundation of a sound school of historical inquiry. Although its teachers fail to take advantage of the fact, there are few places that present so many attractions to, and helps in, the investigation of our own national history. Those who remember the great interest which Buckland excited in the study of geology will recall the rides in which that interest began. They will remember how men who would have turned away with disgust from disquisitions on strata duly delivered in a lecture-room, found an interest in science which they had never dreamt of as they followed the eccentric Professor into an actual quarry, or ransacked on the spot the treasures of the Stonesfield slate. It is hard to see why the same mode of treatment may not be applied to history. In a walk through Oxford one would find illustrations of every period of our annals. The cathedral still preserves the memory of the Mercian St. Frideswide; the tower of the Norman Earls frowns down on the waters of the mill; around Merton hang the memories of the birth of our Constitution; the New Learning and the Reformation mingle in Christ Church; a "grind" along the Marston Road follows the track of the army of Fairfax; the groves of Magdalen preserve the living traditions of the last of the Stuarts. It is hardly credible, but it is simply true, that Oxford men live for the most part in the profoundest ignorance of Oxford History; that no

manual of it, or introduction to it, exists; and that any freshman whose curiosity is roused by the memorable sights around him, can only be referred to the dry-as-dust folios of Anthony a Wood. But it is yet more in the nature of Oxford studies that we see ground for the rise of an historical school which shall avoid the one error on which all sound investigation must be wrecked—the error of parting history into Ancient and Modern at all. It is an error which we fear the language of the new Professor will tend rather to encourage than to dispel. Perhaps the most brilliant part of his lecture, in a literary sense, is the elaborate contrast which he draws between the worlds of classical and of mediæval history. The study of the one, he says, as compared with the study of the other, "is like the study of life compared with that of death":—

> The student of ancient history has his advantages: he can speculate on his skeleton, he can penetrate more deeply into the framework of ancient society, so far as his materials allow him; he can handle the different parts, and form his political hypotheses as it pleases him, according to the various ways in which his skeleton can be put together; he is little troubled by the fear of new facts or new developments making their appearance suddenly to put to flight his calculations; he has all the existing materials for his investigation before him or within easy reach; he has for the geographical area of his work a portion of the earth and its peoples that has had, since the roll of its own historians was closed, little to do with the active work of the world. He can work out principles at his will, he can educate his taste, and analyse and experiment to the very *ne plus ultra* of critical subtlety. But the principles he works out, and the results of his criticisms, are alike—things

that give the world no new knowledge, or exercise no direct influence on the interests of real life. . . . In modern history, on the contrary, you are dealing with the living subject; your field of examination is the living, working, thinking, growing world of to-day; as distinguished from the dead world of Greece and Rome by the life that is in it, as it is in geographical area, and in the embarrassing abundance of the data from which only in their full integrity it is safe, or ever will be safe, to philosophise. England, France, Germany, the East—regions that have but a shadowy existence in the background of the pictures in which living Egypt, Rome, and Asia stand before us after thousands of years of death, in the bright colouring and lifelike grouping of yesterday—these are the area in which the modern historian seeks and finds the interest of his pursuit. Italy, the common ground of the sister studies, the strange border-land between light and darkness, in which alone the past seems to live, and the present, for the most part, to be a living death, has a double existence that fits and unfits her for the free handling of either. And in this new and modern and living world there has been, since the era began, such a continuity of life and development that hardly one point in its earliest life can be touched without the awakening of some chord in the present.

The key to this false contrast—as we hold it to be—between the world of Greece and Rome and the world of Germany, England, and France, lies in the exaggerated importance which Mr. Stubbs attaches to what is no doubt a fact most important for history, and in a very common confusion of thought into which he has fallen by identifying two ideas of really unequal extent. It is an exaggeration of a truth when Mr. Stubbs tells us that "it is Christianity that gives to the modern world its living unity, and at the same time cuts it off from the death of the past." It

is a confusion of thought when throughout his lecture he uses the word "Church" as a synonym for the word "Christianity." But both confusion and exaggeration alike arise from the unhappy assumption of the existence of any division at all. If such a division exists, we do not deny that he has given the best answer that can be given to the question that follows—"When did ancient history cease, and when did modern history begin?" One famous examiner is said to have asserted his right to put questions as to any event later than the Call of Abraham. One Oxford tutor, certainly, was in the habit of beginning his course of lectures for the Modern History schools with Shem, Ham, and Japhet. But putting aside such extreme claims as would restrict the labours of the Camden Professor of Ancient History to the world of the antediluvians, it is certainly better, if any point is to be fixed, to make it, with Mr. Stubbs, the introduction of Christianity, rather than the severance of Eastern and Western Rome, or the coronation of Charles the Great. But the truth is that no point can be fixed. The division is an altogether delusive one. The pre-Christian world is not wholly dead to us, nor is the post-Christian world of necessity wholly living. It is true that the social and political institutions around us have for the most part come into being since the classical world passed away; but even this is only exclusively true if we restrict our view to countries of Teutonic blood and speech, and choose to forget (what

we are sure Mr. Stubbs has not forgotten) the continuance of the great Empire in which that "dead past" came down living through the ages, and how much of the older conceptions of society and politics still exist in Romance countries side by side with the Roman tongue. But if from these outer forms of the world's life we look at its inner facts—at literature, philosophy, art, science—in all these the earlier world is more living to us than the later. The institutions of the Periclean State are indeed dead to us; we are living in a political constitution identical in all main points with that of England under Dunstan. But on every deeper subject of human thought save one, a gulf parts us from the mind of Dunstan, and no gulf parts us from the mind of Pericles. That this tradition of thought has been preserved is mainly, no doubt, owing to Christianity. Christianity did not create a new world save by renewing the old. It poured into man, crushed and degraded by imperialism, a new spirit of manhood; it freed and reinvigorated those moral and intellectual faculties without whose active exercise the heritage of the past is worse than lost; its Fathers, as Villemain has shown, preserved from extinction the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes; its self-made constitution, its elected rulers, its deliberative councils, kept alive the free democratic traditions of a world strangled by Cæsarism. It is this double fact—the heritage of the world's thought and literature that had thus been preserved, the new spiritual influence by which man

had been roused to preserve and to use it—that blends in the mediæval conception of the Church. The Church of the Middle Ages expresses a far larger notion than the word Christianity; it means Christianity, and all that Christianity preserved. The Church was, in a word, the whole educated society of those ruder ages, their "educated classes," deriving much of its mode of handling the treasures of human culture which it possessed from religious prepossessions, sheltering them with itself against the brute force round it under religious sanctions, but, in its essence, the spirit of the old world veiled under the forms of the new. The Renaissance was in great measure the throwing off of these forms; in much of the literature of later times, from Goethe to our own day, the conflict of the old and new goes on round us still. This, however, is a subject too large to be treated incidentally. Our object was rather to point out how this distinction—unfortunate everywhere—is most unfortunate at Oxford. A great University suggests of itself the truer theory of history, for it is the one place where the apparent opposition vanishes, where, in its very system of training, the old and the new worlds are brought every hour together, where men of the nineteenth century are striving, even if pedantically, to speak the words of Demosthenes and to think the thoughts of Aristotle. Of course the results are sometimes very odd. Still it is possible to get there, manifest to men, a mingling of our thoughts with the thoughts of the pre-Christian world, as it is

hardly possible elsewhere; and we cannot but regret that the Regius Professor should have missed the special opportunity which the place itself suggests of vindicating the true unity of the history of man.

We could have wished, too, that in the political remarks with which his lecture closes, Mr. Stubbs had more carefully guarded himself against misconception. His doctrine is indeed rather ideal than practical. His view of the office of history, if we gather it rightly, is that it is not so much the determining the political direction of its students' minds as the giving a moral tone to that direction, whatever it may be. He would not wish to make Whigs Tories, or Tories Whigs, but to make Whigs honest and wise Whigs, and Tories wise and honest Tories. So expressed, we think few will quarrel with the statement, though it is difficult to see in it much practical utility. With these slight exceptions, however, the lecture is throughout admirable in the fulness and ripeness of its knowledge, the simplicity and eloquence of its style, the modesty and moral loftiness of its tone. Mr. Stubbs owns, at the opening, the natural anxiety with which he is about "to take the omens of his future career." It will be the fault of Oxford if the omens are unfavourable.

ENGLISH LOYALTY

(April 27, 1872)

THERE can be no doubt that the outburst of English loyalty which accompanied the illness of the Prince of Wales fell upon most of us with a certain shock of surprise. It is characteristic of the singular disinclination for political speculation which Englishmen oddly enough combine with a rare aptitude for practical politics, that with the single exception of Mr. Bagehot no philosophic observer has attempted to examine the character of the English monarchy as it actually exists, or to estimate its real hold upon the nation. On no subject was the ordinary politician so utterly at sea. Half an hour before the first bulletin was issued a very shrewd person would have been puzzled by a plain question as to the amount and warmth of the existing stock of English loyalty. Such a question is not likely to be asked now, but there are other questions which inevitably follow on the solution of this primary one; and the chief advantage which we have gained from recent occurrences is that they have set people fairly thinking over some of them.

Even amidst the enthusiastic verbiage of the great mass of Thanksgiving sermons it was possible here and there to come upon such a thoughtful and temperate discussion as that in which Mr. Stopford Brooke traced the origin and characteristics of English loyalty. The whole subject, however, of our kingship requires a far closer and more thorough investigation than it has yet received. The popular notions of the Crown are derived in a vague way from Blackstone and the lawyers, and it is hard to say whether they are more untrue to history or to actual fact. The history, indeed, of English royalty has recently been cleared of a vast mass of traditional rubbish by inquirers like Mr. Freeman, but much still remains to be done in tracing the connection between the present and the past, and in explaining the subtle process by which, at the lowest point of its political weakness, the Throne has acquired a hold on the affections of Englishmen such as it never won before.

The outlines of such an inquiry are perfectly clear, and it is only the outlines that we can give here. The "divinity that doth hedge a king" begins at the very outset of royalty. As the blood descendant of Woden, or some other divine progenitor of the race whom he ruled, the older Teutonic king was possessed, not merely of authority, but of a vague personal sacredness, the reverence derived from which only paled before the enthusiastic fidelity and affection sworn to him by the band of young

comrades who followed him as their war-leader. Under the later feudalism this vow of enthusiasm died down into a mere bargain of fee and service between the vassal and his royal lord; and, oddly enough, the word that now embodies all the warmest feelings of devotion to the Crown really expresses this bargaining temper of mediæval obedience. "Loyalty" is simply the rendering of the service actually due by feudal law to the Crown. But even at times when the English king seemed to be sinking into a mere "first baron" of his realm, he retained a peculiar sacredness. If the conquest of the Norman had broken down the traditional reverence for the race of Woden, Christianity more than compensated for the loss by the solemn unction and consecration which raised the monarch into "the anointed of the Lord." The ruin of feudalism, the fall of the baronage who disputed its authority, and of the priesthood who rivalled its sacred character, raised royalty in England, as elsewhere, to an unexampled height; the first of the Tudors remained the one political power in his realm, while the peculiar character of the English Reformation invested the second with a strange religious reverence as the head and legislator of the new Protestant communion. But there is nothing really akin to our modern loyalty in the king-worship which sprang from this union of secular and ecclesiastical supremacy. The loyalty of to-day dates, in fact, from the utter overthrow of this king-worship in the Great Rebellion. The sacred

character of the Crown only survived the excesses of Charles II. to perish before the vulgarity of the first two Georges, and the idle foppery of the Fourth. Its political influence died as slowly away, to become almost extinct at the close of the reign of George III. But out of the wreck of the royal power sprang a loyalty far more ideal, as it is far more deep-rooted and universal, than the loyalty which surrounded the throne of the Tudors or the Stuarts. The new affection to the sovereign took its shape in the very reign which we have already assigned as the close of the older monarchy. In his later days of darkness and sorrow George III. was undoubtedly beloved as none of our kings had ever been beloved before. The quiet inaction of his two predecessors had won for the throne a national trust and confidence in which the older national jealousy of the prerogative, and even his own earlier attempts to extend it, were absolutely forgotten. The decay of Jacobitism transferred to him the chivalrous devotion to the person of the sovereign which had sprung out of the troubles of the Great Rebellion, and been consecrated by the scaffold at Whitehall. But it was in his own temper that we must look for the origin of a wholly new sentiment, which in a yet more special way than its fellow-feelings has produced in the English people their present warm affection for the Crown. The love of domestic life which George III. at all times displayed, his family affection, the quietness and piety of his home, won a strange regard amongst the most

home-loving people in the world. From his time the most common incidents in the daily history of the Royal household became subjects of national interest. The birthdays of its members became as familiar to the ordinary Englishman as the birthdays of his own children. Their habits and mode of life are discussed with as real a concern as those of his sons and daughters. A domestic poetry, in fact, an idealisation of the family life of the sovereign, endeared the one Royal home to every home in the land.

It is in the union of these three national sentiments, of personal affection, of political trust, and of domestic interest, that we find the peculiar character of English loyalty—a loyalty as unlike the loyalty of our own earlier history as it is unlike the loyalty of other peoples in our own day. The personal devotion, indeed, which is only enhanced by the misfortunes of the sovereign, is common enough. But German loyalty would never find its ground in an absolutely powerless sovereign, and we know that the domestic temper of Louis Philippe won ridicule instead of admiration from his subjects. As in so many other instances, we have hit out something very odd, but not without a certain originality or fitness to our own national tendencies. Beneath all his outer roughness an Englishman is the most sentimental of men, and it does not follow that his loyalty is the less strong because it takes a sentimental form. But it is plain that such a conception of kingship, and such a regard for the sovereign, has at once advan-

tages and perils peculiar to itself. Take, for instance, the strength which the Crown derives from the quiet trust of the people in its fidelity to constitutional law. It is unique in its way. Were the Count of Chambord to mount the throne of France to-morrow, the most zealous of Legitimists would at once take up a position of silent suspicion. He would assume, as the most probable thing in the world, that the new king would wish to get more power than the Constitution gave him, and that even in the most loyal of subjects a certain jealousy on behalf of liberty was indispensable. In England the mere whisper that the Sovereign was deliberately planning to lessen the power of Parliament or to embarrass the Ministry would be regarded as a sign of insanity. It is impossible to estimate too highly the mere administrative convenience of such a confidence as this—the play and freedom, for instance, which it allows to our constitutional machinery at such awkward moments as that of a change in Ministry. Its value in lifting the idea of Government itself out of the range of party suspicions and controversies is of course still higher. But it is difficult to reflect for a moment on this confidence without seeing that its unruffled continuance is by no means such a thing of course as we commonly assume. It is only a hundred years ago that George III. was battling desperately, and for a time with good success, against sinking into the position which an English sovereign now occupies. It is still a position absolutely unintelligible

to Continental politicians. No Frenchman can understand a king who reigns but does not govern, and a Hohenzollern would fight to the death before yielding to what he would believe to be sheer vassalage to his subjects. We trust, in fact, simply to the strength of our constitutional tradition, and to the good sense which has so long characterised, whatever may have been their other merits or demerits, the occupants of our throne. But it is a trust which would be rudely shaken either by the accession of a man of great genius or by the accession of a fool. The first might very fairly be impatient of his exclusion from all direct influence on public affairs, while the second would be very likely to mistake the pomp and popular regard which are the accompaniment of his station as being the actual measure of his power. It is quite possible, again, as Mr. Disraeli showed us in his political novels some thirty years ago, that a party might yet arise in the country to revive Bolingbroke's old cry for a "Patriot King." In the case of a sovereign of known ability, such a cry would certainly be backed by the large and increasing number of persons who, in their ignorant impatience of the obstacles which must hamper the administration of public affairs in any free country, are anxious for the speedier methods of personal rule; while it would seem fair enough to the great mass of people who are really under the belief that the sovereign does take the chief and most effective part in the government of the country. In other words, it would be sure of the support of nine-

tenths of our women, the whole of the army, and the bulk of the poor.

In the same way, it is easy to see that the domestic tone of modern loyalty, though it has added enormously to the strength of the throne, is not without its perils. It has added to the strength of the throne in the simplest and most direct way, by enlisting on its side the commonest and yet the deepest of English sympathies. There are few of her subjects who are from actual knowledge able to appreciate the sterling worth which the Queen has shown in the discharge of the higher functions of her office. But the poorest peasant understands that she has been a good wife and a good mother. Every incident, too, of royal life, a marriage or a fever, excites a fresh emotion of loyalty, and gives a new warmth and vigour to the popular affection. But, simple as are the conditions on which this homely affection rests, it is only fair to remember in how few families they are continuously met. We never dream of the possibility of a direct feud between the sovereign and the heir to the throne, and yet the present instance is the first for centuries in which such a feud has not taken place. But a feud which in the case of "poor Fred" or the Regent simply gave a new impulse to political partisanship, would now cause the keenest national distress, and might possibly issue in the creation of bitter social dissensions. Our ordinary family experience in the world around us hardly warrants us in looking for perpetual peace in a royal home, any more than it

warrants us in expecting that the occupant of the throne will in all cases be wise or good. No doubt the very anxiety with which the nation now regards every act of the Royal Family is in itself an immense check on excesses such as those of George IV.; but a George IV. is always possible. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the accession of a really worthless sovereign would now be a serious danger to the throne, and that the very strength of the domestic loyalty which is now its support would then become a political peril. It is not likely that any future Sir Walter Scott will treasure as a sacred relic the glass out of which the Regent had just imbibed his morning draught of brandy; or that any English loyalist would tolerate for an hour the infamies of Isabella of Spain. But after resting our loyalty on the personal character of the occupant of the throne, it will be less easy for us than it was for Sir Walter to fall back on the abstract sentiment of devotion to the throne itself. In perils such as these, no doubt, the practical good sense of English statesmanship will find timely resources; but it is as well to remember that such perils do exist in the very nature of our modern loyalty.

"THE HERMITS"[1]

(July 18, 1868)

FOR once Mr. Kingsley is distinctly dull. There are, of course, interesting episodes and bits of really fine writing scattered here and there over the pages of this book, but the bulk of the stories are monotonous and wearisome, and the reflections which interrupt them are as wearisome and as monotonous as the stories. Fascinating, indeed, as the subject is at first sight, it was a fatal mistake to select the biographies of the Hermits as a book for general readers. To tell the life of those gaunt solitaries of the desert or the fens—their actual life, the rude savage war on impulses as rude and as savage, the deadly wrestle with low animal desire—is now impossible. There are few grander figures than than of Antony, but his appearance in the modern drawing-room, unless carefully draped, would scatter to the winds the prim matrons and demure maidens who call on Mr. Macmillan for a "Sunday Library"; and so Mr. Kingsley,

[1] *The Hermits.* By the Rev. C. Kingsley. London: Macmillan and Co. 1868.

mindful of maidens, is driven to long lines of asterisks, and in the "necessary omissions" all that gives fire and interest to the life slips quietly away. We are, of course, ready to take their biographer's raptures on trust, but as they front us in his book these "hermits made decent" are distinctly tedious and slow. Nor, it must be owned, if we look at the matter from a philosophical point of view, do the Professor's raptures give us a very clear notion of the value of these men to Christendom or to the world:—

> The question (says Mr. Kingsley) which had to be settled then and there, at that particular crisis of the human race, was not: Are certain wonders true or false? but: Is man a mere mortal animal, or an immortal soul? Is his flesh meant to serve his spirit, or his spirit his flesh? Is pleasure, or virtue, the end and aim of his existence?
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> The hermits set themselves to answer that question, not by arguing or writing about it, but by the only way in which any question can be settled—by experiment. They resolved to try whether their immortal souls could not grow better and better, while their mortal bodies were utterly neglected; to make their flesh serve their spirit; to make virtue their only end and aim; and utterly to relinquish the very notion of pleasure. To do this one thing, and nothing else, they devoted their lives; and they succeeded. From their time it has been a received opinion, not merely among a few philosophers or a few Pharisees, but among the lowest, the poorest, the most ignorant, who had known aught of Christianity, that man is an immortal soul; that the spirit, and not the flesh, ought to be master and guide; that virtue is the highest good; and that purity is a virtue, impurity a sin.

The question, we take it, which not that age only but every age has to settle, is not a question of the

relative superiority of spirit and flesh, but how an harmonious relation can best be established between the two. The hermit did no more to settle this than the Roman voluptuaries against whose life his own was a protest. Both reduced man into bondage to a single element of his nature, and ascetism proved even more injurious to the highest interests of the race than sensualism itself. Bigotry, hardness and narrowness of temper, superstition, persecution, are as legitimately the outcome of the one as effeminacy and selfishness and greed of the other. The assertion that these men were "the very fathers of purity," is intelligible enough in the mouth of Montalembert, accepting as a Romanist the false mediæval notion of purity; but it is hardly intelligible in the mouth of Mr. Kingsley. If, "as a matter of fact, through these men's teaching, we have learnt what morality, purity, and Christianity we possess," the protest of a school of religious thinkers to which Mr. Kingsley was once supposed to belong might at any rate have taught him what a maimed and debased conception of all the three these ascetics bequeathed us. What the hermits really did was to preserve the essentially democratic idea of the Christian Church through ages when it was overlaid by the forms of the Imperialism it had conquered. Like the prophets of an earlier time, they preserved religion from being stifled under priesthood. Standing necessarily outside of the purely ecclesiastical organisation which more and more absorbed the

rights and dignity of the whole Christian body, they vindicated by their very position, for the meanest and most unlettered peasant, a right to holiness and to direct converse with all that was divine. In them, too, lingered all the boldness, the moral audacity—if one may use the term—of the seers of Israel; the fearless testimony against oppression and tyranny and wrong. But these are virtues which have in every age and under every theological system distinguished the development of the individual religious life in its opposition to the collective; they are as much the merits of the fakeer as of the hermit. In other words, the solitary has a position in the history of every religion, but he has no special position in the history of Christianity.

"He who sits still in the desert," said Antony, "is safe from three enemies—from hearing, from speech, from sight; and has to fight against only one—his own heart." Something of the intense stillness of the desert breathes in this famous sentence of the father of asceticism. Mr. Kingsley has painted in the finest passage of his book the physical influences which moulded the lives of the earliest solitaries. These hermits

enjoyed Nature, not so much for her beauty, as for her perfect peace. Day by day the rocks remained the same. Silently out of the Eastern desert, day by day, the rising sun threw aloft those arrows of light, which the old Greeks had named "the rosy fingers of the dawn." Silently he passed in full blaze almost above their heads throughout the day; and silently he dipped behind the western desert in a glory of crimson and

orange, green and purple; and without an interval of twilight, in a moment, all the land was dark, and the stars leapt out, not twinkling as in our damper climate here, but hanging like balls of white fire in that purple southern night, through which one seems to look beyond the stars into the infinite abyss, and towards the throne of God himself. Day by day, night after night, that gorgeous pageant passed over the poor hermit's head without a sound; and though sun and moon and planet might change their places as the year rolled round, the earth beneath his feet seemed not to change. Every morning he saw the same peaks in the distance, the same rocks, the same sand-heaps around his feet. He never heard the tinkle of a running stream. For weeks together he did not even hear the rushing of the wind. Now and then a storm might sweep up the pass, whirling the sand in eddies, and making the desert for a while literally a "howling wilderness"; and when that was passed, all was as it had been before. The very change of seasons must have been little marked to him, save by the motions, if he cared to watch them, of the stars above; for vegetation there was none to mark the difference between summer and winter. In spring, of course, the solitary date-palm here and there threw out its spathe of young green leaves, to add to the number of those which, grey or brown, hung drooping round the stem, withering but not decaying for many a year in that dry atmosphere; or perhaps the acacia bushes looked somewhat gayer for a few weeks, and the Retama broom, from which as well as from the palm-leaves he plaited his baskets, threw out its yearly crop of twigs; but any greenness there might be in the vegetation of spring turned grey in a few weeks beneath that burning sun; and the rest of the year was one perpetual summer of dust and glare and rest. Amid such scenes the mind had full time for thought.

In such a stillness the life of the Eastern solitary was of necessity uneventful. The eternal sameness of the desert lies over the stories of Antony, of Macarius, of Hilarion. Antony, indeed, breaks it by the terse quaintness of his famous sayings, which form some

of the most entertaining pages of the book. "Life and death are very near us; for if we gain our brother we gain God; but if we cause our brother to offend we sin against Christ." "How art thou content," asked a philosopher, "since thou hast not the comfort of books?" "My book," replied the solitary, "is the nature of created things. In it, when I choose, I can read the words of God." It is broken, too, by these tender passionate friendships of man for man which formed so fair a feature in the monastic life which followed. Hilarion's visit to the grave of Antony has a strangely pathetic beauty in it. The scholars of the great hermit guide him from place to place. "Here he used to sing, here to pray, here to work, here to sit when tired. These vines, these shrubs, he planted himself; that plot he laid out with his own hands." They show their visitor the pond he had made with heavy toil, his hoe, his orchard where the wild asses would quench their thirst at the stream without injury to the plants. Then they led him to the famous cell, and Hilarion lay on Antony's bed, and kissed it as if it were still warm. Then, after one last visit to the mysterious grave, hidden from the knowledge of man, Hilarion went his way. But for the beauty of stories like these, however, the lives of the Eastern hermits are strangely jejune and dull. In their "humility, obedience, reverence," however Mr. Kingsley may value the three qualities, we feel as if they were merely transferring to the desert and God the craven

slavishness which had ruined Byzantium and the Cæsars. "If the Sermon on the Mount means anything," says the Rector of Eversley, "as a practical rule of life for Christian men, then these monks were surely justified in trying to obey it, for to obey it they surely tried." It was just by the utter failure of their attempt, and of the attempt of their monastic successors, to obey literally the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, that they aided in the grander work of spiritualising Christianity. Already in these solitaries themselves this work of evolution has begun. "I do not now fear God but love Him, for love drives out fear," is the knell of asceticism, though uttered by the ascetic Antony. But it is in Macarius that this largeness of feeling takes its grandest shape. His disciple, meeting an idol-priest who is carrying a huge beam, cried, "Where art thou running, devil?" on which the priest beats him, and leaves him half dead. Then Macarius himself meets him, and cries, "Salvation to thee, labourer, salvation!" "What good hast thou seen in me," says the wondering priest, "that thou salutest me thus?" "Because," replied Macarius, "I saw thee working and running, though ignorantly." Another story is yet finer. A voice tells the hermit that he is inferior to two women who dwell in a town hard by. He finds in the women two simple housewives living together, but who, when questioned, own that they had never spoken a foul word to one another or quarrelled. Their husbands had refused their con-

sent to their request that they might retire into a nunnery; whereon they had vowed, and had kept their vow, never to speak one worldly word. "In truth," is the striking comment of Macarius, "there is neither virgin nor married woman nor monk nor secular; but God only requires the intention, and ministers the spirit of life to all."

In spite, however, of words like these, the hermits of the East died ere the Moslem swept them away into mere fakeers. The question which the good man from Arabena put to Simeon of the pillar, "Art thou a man or a thing?" received its answer in the degradation of humanity into mere matter in the saint whom he addressed. It is amusing to see how these baser forms of asceticism became physically impossible when asceticism travelled westward. When Wolflaich tried to imitate Simeon at Trèves, the Bishop, foreseeing that in such a climate the attempt was sheer suicide, pulled down his pillar and sent him about his business. The disciples of Sulpicius Severus complained bitterly of their master when, full of his Egyptian models, he condemned them to simple bread and herbs. "It is vain to make us live like angels," they said, sensibly enough, "when we are only Gauls." The career, indeed, of the hermit life in the West was checked abruptly by the enormous development of cœnobitic monasticism under the organising genius of St. Benedict. But it never could have reached its Oriental development in the forests and fens of mediæval Europe, and yet it was

only forest and fen which could afford the requisite solitude. The sketch of the fens in the story of St. Guthlac forms an admirable contrast to the desert-sketch in the story of St. Antony :—

> The fens in the seventh century were probably very like the forests at the mouth of the Mississippi, or the swampy shores of the Carolinas. Their vast plain is now, in summer, one sea of golden corn; in winter, a black dreary fallow, cut into squares by stagnant dykes, and broken only by unsightly pumping mills and doleful lines of poplar-trees. Of old it was a labyrinth of black wandering streams; broad lagoons; morasses submerged every spring-tide; vast beds of reed and sedge and fern; vast copses of willow, alder, and grey poplar, rooted in the floating peat, which was swallowing up slowly, all-devouring, yet all-preserving, the forests of fir and oak, ash and poplar, hazel and yew, which had once grown on that low, rank soil, sinking slowly (so geologists assure us) beneath the sea from age to age. Trees, torn down by flood and storm, floated and lodged in rafts, damming the waters back upon the land. Streams, bewildered in the flats, changed their channels, mingling silt and sand with the peat moss. Nature, left to herself, ran into wild riot and chaos more and more, till the whole fen became one "Dismal Swamp," in which, at the time of the Norman Conquest, the "Last of the English," like Dred in Mrs. Stowe's tale, took refuge from their tyrants, and lived, like him, a free and joyous life awhile.

What scenes like these actually generated was an atmosphere of extravagant fancy which took shape in the wildest legends. The stories of the Western hermits have none of the narrow monotonous intensity of their Eastern rivals. They are full of a weird poetry, in which the Saint seems often to have taken the place of the Troll of the older mythology. Hermits swim over seas in their simple cloaks, make

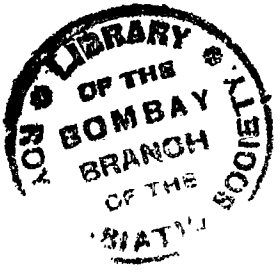
lambs bleat in the robber's stomach, slay dragons, or, like St. Brendan, discover far lands in the mystic sea. Kentigern is accused of having wrung off the head of the robin of St. Serf. He puts it on again, and the robin sings as blithely as before. When his fire goes out, he brings in a tree from the frozen forests and lights the log with his breath. Poetry mingles strangely with fact in such stories as that of St. Cuthbert with his eider ducks about him, or St. Godric in his cell at Finchale. The story of Godric is perhaps the best, as it is certainly the freshest thing in the book, and we wish Mr. Kingsley had bestowed on it half the labour of exposition which he has lavished on the earlier hermits of the East. No tale better illustrates the common life of Englishmen in the twelfth century, none throws so clear a light on the religious revolution which was about to take place. The legend which coupled the names of Godric and Archbishop Thomas together (and, though an anachronism in itself, we wonder Mr. Kingsley has not noticed it) has great historic value; it is only our knowledge of the new outburst of spiritual feeling in the people which can explain their attitude in the great struggle between the Primate and the King.

We have little fault to find with Mr. Kingsley's share in the book, save our first complaint of dulness. Any attempt to cure him of his trick of what we may call religious swearing must, we fear, be a hopeless one; but we still protest, as we have protested

before, against the profuse employment for the mere purpose of literary emphasis of such phrases as "the living God." Modest men are content to spell out with a certain diffidence the laws of the divine government of the world, but Mr. Kingsley has for the last twenty years been proclaiming his intimate acquaintance with the counsels of Providence. Still it is a little startling, even in him, to find a divine sanction called in to ratify the outrages of the Republican troops in the good town of Trèves. "The cathedral and churches were stripped of relics, of jewels, of treasures of early art. The Prince Bishop's palace is a barrack; so was lately St. Maximus's shrine; St. Martin's a china manufactory, and St. Matthias a school." "So goes the world," moralises the Rector of Eversley, "because there is a living God." Decent people may be a little startled at the assigning of such a cause for pillage and robbery, and the conversion of a church into a china-shop. But Mr. Kingsley may plead, as he has pleaded before, that all he meant was that what would be would be; in a word, that, short of a little fatalist nonsense, he meant nothing at all.

With the exception of his omissions, Mr. Kingsley has given us, in the earlier portion of his work, simple translations of the original lives of his heroes. The biography of Antony is given as Athanasius told it; and we read the words in which Jerome described the life of Paul. If we are to understand these men, the first step towards it must undoubtedly be to see them

as those of their own day saw them. To any one who is really desirous of getting at the actual mind and temper of such a solitary as Benedict, there is something repulsive in the varnish and sentimentalism of M. de Montalembert. But even with this aid they remain singularly unmeaning to us. The whole lesson of their lives seems to be written in the legend of St. Goar, and of his attempt to hang his cloak upon a sunbeam. In the effort to become "angels and not Gauls" they undoubtedly did much. They created, for instance, that love of external nature, that sense of a sympathy with created things, which forms so important a part in modern poetry. But in the effort itself they failed, nor do we fear, with Mr. Kingsley, that religious extravagance will revive in our days this peculiar form of human degradation. It was the narrowness, the limited sphere of human interest afforded by the older world, which made the hermit possible. The largeness of modern thought and aim precludes his revival.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FFOULKES'S "CHRISTENDOM'S DIVISIONS"[1]

(Nov. 23, 1867)

ECCLESIASTICAL history has been so recently rescued from the hands of theological controversies that we feel a very natural suspicion of writers like Mr. Ffoulkes, who undertake to restore it to its old ground, and to treat one of the most interesting amongst historic questions as but a part of the purely theological matter of the reunion of churches. However critical and impartial such an inquirer may be, we suspect that his end is not so much truth as the proof of his thesis, and his prejudice is all the stronger where the exact thesis is so extremely difficult to understand, as in this work on *Christendom's Divisions*. The idea of Mr. Ffoulkes, as far as we were able to grasp it in his former introductory volume, was simply that the reunion for which he pleaded was to be looked for in the re-establishment of a true Catholicism, and that a true Catholicism could only spring from the restoration of a consti-

[1] *Christendom's Divisions*. Part II.—Greeks and Latins. By Edmund S. Ffoulkes. London: Longmans and Co. 1867.

tutional Papacy. The Pope was no longer, on this theory, the infallible autocrat of the Ultramontanes, but the first Bishop of a consenting Episcopacy throughout the world; Catholicism lay not in the extinction of national diversities, but in the bringing them all within the circle of this honorary supremacy; Christendom's divisions had originated from, and were maintained by, the degradation of this world-wide constitutional rule into a narrow Latin despotism. The imperial position of England, with her ring of colonies around her, as Burke painted it long ago, supplied the fitting analogy for the position of Rome, as Mr. Ffoulkes would have it, girt in with her belt of churches — churches national and independent, but finding a bond of intercommunion in their common loyalty to the central mother-church. To undo at once the work of the Reformation and the work of the Ultramontanes, to persuade Protestants to give up the principle of free judgment in matters of religion, and Catholics to stem the increasing current of blind obedience to an infallible head, to stride by sheer logic and appeals to higher sentiments over the controversies and hatreds of ages back to this ideal Church of the past,—this, so far as we could judge its character, was the dream of Mr. Ffoulkes, as it had been the dream of Calixtus and a score of other amiable speculators before him. "Luther," Mr. Ffoulkes naïvely told us, "might have taken a more philosophical view of it had he been more of a

thinker." Luther would probably have answered that thinkers would find their views become a little more real, without being less philosophical, if they would learn their philosophy in his rough school of the world. This very work of Mr. Ffoulkes proves as clearly as any we ever read how the spiritual progress of mankind is affected far more by great currents of popular sentiment than by any speculations of philosophical thinkers; nay more, how the very thoughts of these thinkers are, commonly enough, only the expression of the great tide of feeling which is sweeping them, like the world around them, unconsciously on. Two such great currents are in our day absorbing the rest—the one rushing on to the perfect freedom of the religious conscience, to the spiritual independence of the individual; the other steadily advancing towards the absolute absorption of the individual conscience and intellect in the infallible expression of the voice of the mass. In this light of the present, we may read perhaps a little more clearly than our fathers the complex phenomena of the religious history of the past; the advocate of Individualism will welcome, as the advocate of Catholicism will deplore, every schism and every heresy which has rent asunder the unity of Christendom. At any rate "of these two one," as Dr. Newman saw long ago; but it is just this which Mr. Ffoulkes does not see. And so, amiable and well-intentioned as he evidently is, the intellectual aspect of his work, with all its learning

and impartiality, is that of an able and conscientious attempt to establish a paradox.

In spite, however, of these grave objections to the theory upon which it is built, the history which Mr. Ffoulkes tells is the history of one of the greatest events in the annals of Christendom, and we must own that it is told well. There is, perhaps, no one important fact which would not be found in Gibbon, but the facts are scattered over the multifarious pages of the *Decline and Fall;* while here they are massed together into a connected story, and told with a precision and detail which were of course impossible in the larger work. The schism of the East from the West is, in Mr. Ffoulkes's view, not a religious or theological so much as a political event; and its causes are not to be traced to doctrinal differences on azyms or the "filioque" clause, but to the aggressions of the Western Empire, the piratical greed of the Norman race which led to and envenomed the character of the Crusades, and finally the triumph of that sectional spirit of the Western races, which Mr. Ffoulkes calls "Latinism," over the more Catholic tendencies of the popes. By one of the boldest of modern re-readings of history, the Papacy is acquitted of the charge of having brought about the severance of the East, the quarrel with Photius is reduced to unimportance, and the final excommunication in the eleventh century credited to the violence of the Legates rather than to the sentence of Rome. Certainly up to that moment no absolute breach had

taken place, and the quarrel between Rome and Constantinople had been rather on points of jurisdiction than on doctrine. Bulgaria was the deadliest foe of the Eastern Emperors, and its submission to the Papacy was an affront to the whole Greek race as much as to the Patriarch. But, hot as was the quarrel, it passed away with the death of Photius, and for one hundred and fifty years or more seventeen patriarchs in succession lived in full communion with their rivals of Rome; and this in spite of the fact that in the middle of the tenth century they had retorted on the popes by creating fresh sees, and introducing a fresh ritual throughout the regions of Southern Italy which had been won back by the arms of the Eastern Empire. Even this cause of irritation, however, had been removed by the Norman reconquest of Calabria and its restoration to the Roman See, when the fatal excommunication of the Legates of Pope Leo severed in one moment, and severed irreparably, the bonds that held East and West together. The excommunication was certainly a very odd proceeding. The despatch of the Legates had been in answer to a letter from the Emperor Michael, which Michael declared to have been forged; the Papal commission was never exhibited, but Leo had written kindly and temperately enough to the Patriarch only a few months before; and when the Legates laid their excommunication on the high altar of St. Sophia, there was a vacancy—and they knew it—in the Papacy:—

Never (says Mr. Ffoulkes) were more disastrous consequences entailed by a more worthless or more shameless document. It was promulgated three months after the death of one Pope, nine months before the accession of another; it was never ratified by him or any other Pope from that day to this. It is a standing monument to the disgrace of all parties concerned in it. . . . First they declared positively "that as far as their Imperial Majesties are concerned, their officials and the principal men of the city, there is no place more Christian and orthodox than Constantinople." After this candid avowal they proceed to speak of the Patriarch of the orthodox capital and his subordinates somewhat differently. He and his are followers of Simon Magus, Valerians, Arians, Donatists, Nicolaitans, Severians, fighters against the Holy Ghost and against God, as having taken out of the creed procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son. They are Manichæans, Nazarenes, Judaisers; nourishing beards and long hair themselves, they refuse communion to all who cut their hair and shave their beards in conformity with the regulations of the Church of Rome. For all which causes they are to be anathema maranatha three times over with all heretics, and with the devil and his angels, unless they repent.

It is amusing to see the utterly mendacious form in which the Legates couched their charge as to the "filioque" clause in the Creed, but the mention of it has the interest of being the first time of its being made a formal charge by Rome at all. On the question indeed of the procession, Rome had up to this time acted as a mediator between the controversialists of East and West; she accepted the phrase as an interpretation, but long rejected it as an insertion in the Creed of Nicæa. Adrian had indeed defended the single procession against Charles the Great; Leo had engraved the Creed on silver plates in the basilica of St. Peter, in Greek and Latin; but

in both cases without the contested addition. It seemed for some time as if the Churches would simply agree to differ on the point—the East leaving the use of it as a mere explanation to the Latins, and the Latins not seeking to enforce it upon the East. But the question had got inextricably entangled with the web of Imperial politics, and the rivalry of the Eastern and Western Empires fought itself out with theological weapons. The fatal insertion in the Creed, first heard of in Spain, received its earliest official promulgation through Charles the Great. Its promulgation and its dogmatic explanation were alike Imperial and not Papal; Rome was the last Church of the West to adopt the interpolation, and the least prompt to explain it. The question was not one of theology, but of politics; the Caroline books, the first exposition of the new doctrine, bore on their forefront the impress of the new Rome of the West; the great encyclic of Photius, which Mr. Ffoulkes shows to have been really a reply to them, seems to have appeared, not under the name of its author, but of the Emperors Basil and Michael. It was indeed a letter of Pope John which stirred Nicephorus to the aggression on the rights of the Roman See in Calabria, but it was the exhortation to "the Emperor of the Greeks" to preserve peace and friendship with "the Emperor of the Romans" which gave the offence. It is impossible, indeed, throughout to disentangle the threads of politics from the web of the controversy. The popes will not break with the

Greeks so long as they have the Normans as neighbours in the south, and the Emperor north of the Alps. Adrian IV. is with Manuel in his war against Roger of Sicily, Manuel is the ally of Alexander III. in his contest against Barbarossa. In spite of the excommunication, in fact, of Humbert and his colleagues, the theory of the Papacy seems to have been that the estrangement was on the side of Constantinople, and not on its own. and friendly communication passed still between the two Churches.

The real schism, in fact, dates from the first Crusade, and it is by watching the relations of the Normans with the Eastern Empire that we see what the true nature of that Crusade was. It was really the carrying out of the designs of Guiscard on the East—a Norman war of aggression ending in an aggressive Latin Church. For a time, indeed, there was no open breach between the two Christian bodies; both flocked to the same celebration of the Holy Fire, and the lessons were read alternately in Latin and Greek. But the Franks soon revealed themselves as worse tyrants than the Saracens they had swept away; the Orthodox bishops were thrust from their sees to make way for Latin prelates, the Orthodox worship was superseded by the Latin rite. "As for the Turks," complained the Crusaders, "we have overcome them, but the heretical Greeks we cannot subdue." Meanwhile the outrages of the war which the Norman rulers of Sicily carried on directly against the Greek Empire widened the breach that had been

opened by the Normans in Palestine. The clergy and religious bodies were singled out for butchery and pillage in the sack of the great cities of the coast; and the Norman soldiers howled like hounds in mockery of the nasal chaunt of the Greek priests. The war was, in fact, the carrying out of that policy of Bohemond which had been foiled by the wisdom of Alexius and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders—a policy which aimed, not at Jerusalem, but at Constantinople. The Norman passed away, but the sea-States preserved the tradition, and the fall of the great capital before the fourth Crusade completed the schism which the excommunication of Humbert had begun.

We need not here follow Mr. Ffoulkes through his very elaborate account of the hollow attempts at reconciliation which ended in the Council of Florence, or through his sketch of the proceedings of the Council itself. Everywhere he is painstaking and accurate, save perhaps in the use of his terms. "Latin" and "Latinism" seems sometimes to be used as epithets of the whole of the West as opposed to the East, sometimes in the more usual sense of the Latin as opposed to the Teutonic peoples. He is no doubt too much inclined to push his especial points, and in dwelling on the relations between the Churches, gives hardly sufficient weight to words so strong as those from the English Adrian to the Archbishop of Thessalonica. And it is the most wonderful instance of the perpetuity of error we recollect, that after such

exposures as those of Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Riley, a scholar like Mr. Ffoulkes should not merely quote Ingulf as a contemporary of the first Crusade, but actually add in a note that "the account of Lambert is of course less authentic." In spite of occasional slips the work is a real contribution to mediæval history; but this is far from being its most immediate significance. It is not merely a cool, critical denunciation of the policy which cut Rome off from the Eastern half of Christendom, but a denunciation from the pen of a sincere Roman Catholic of the results to which that policy has led. "The Pope, the head of the Church by divine right, has been pledged in practice to the abnormal position of a party leader or spiritual chief of the Latins." From this came the temporal power, "a power which has been of immense benefit to the world, but which has ruined the Church"; the dwindling of the Papacy into a Latin patriarchate; the turning it into a sort of "close fellowship" for men of Italian blood :—

Charlemagne, and the party formed by him in the West, gradually succeeded in enlisting the Papacy on their side, in bending it to their exclusive benefit, and employing it in furtherance of national as opposed to cosmopolitan objects, to the incalculable bane of the Church, and of the best interests of mankind at large. For ten centuries it has been in thraldom, virtual thraldom to the Latin world by whom it has been flattered and cajoled, dishonoured and oppressed in turn; beguiled into the adoption of a type and a policy different from that which had been habitual to it till then; puffed up with exaggerated notions of its own pre-eminence derived from forged documents to be debited with the responsibility of all the ruin

and wretchedness inflicted on one part of Christendom by the other, then gradually let down as it could be dispensed with or done without, at last turned round upon passionately and inveighed against as a tyrant, false prophet, impostor, and what not, when there was not only no more to be gained by upholding it, but a vast deal to be gained by serving it in the same way precisely in which the Church of the East had been served before.

It tells well for the Church of Rome that words like these can be written within her communion without ecclesiastical censure or the gag of the Index. But they are strange words from Roman Catholic lips, and they read yet stranger in the light of Monte Rotondo.

THE LITERARY GOAT OF CARDIFF

(Sept. 26, 1868)

It is curious that amongst all their profusion of intelligence the newspapers of Cardiff have omitted one little episode in the reception of Lord Bute which has somehow or other made its way into a London journal. Among the various novelties of the occasion appeared a learned goat, whose cleverness consisted in its ability to single out from the alphabet the four letters which make up the title of the Marquis, and to select from a heap of numerals the figures 300,000. It is possible that Welsh journalism thought the poor animal too insignificant to be mentioned in such a blaze of illuminations and triumphal arches, or the story may simply be a parable in which some ingenious humorist drew the moral of the whole affair. But, fact or fiction, the parable is a very neat and telling one, and admirably fitted, now that the crackers and the bonfires are over, to set people thinking over the exact significance of these doings at Cardiff. At first sight they are a very simple matter. There are few occasions on which one is less inclined to be critical than on a "coming of age"; in fact, any pleasant display of cordiality between

employers and employed, or landlord or tenant, has an air of sheer good humour about it which exempts it from criticism. But the people of Cardiff are far from content to stand on such a simple, spontaneous footing of welcome as this, or to greet Lord Bute as, say, his Scotch tenants greeted him; on the contrary, they seem to have resolutely determined to overdo the thing, and they have overdone it with a vengeance. To a man of somewhat cynical humour we can hardly conceive any pleasanter reading than a perusal of the local newspapers for the past week. Whatever value there may be in the speculations of Bishop Butler on the possibility of a nation going mad, there seems to lurk in the sober and respectable British tradesman an irresistible propensity to spasmodic outbursts of moral intoxication which outdo all speculation whatever. In moments of this sort there is an absolute indifference as to the object of enthusiasm, or as to any fitness or propriety in the language in which that enthusiasm is conveyed. It is a little difficult to believe that the thousands who applauded the hymn of adoration which was offered up to the Sultan at the Crystal Palace meant quite all the profanity which their words conveyed. But is it possible that the feelings of the Bishop of Llandaff, the High Sheriff of Glamorgan, and the magistrates of Cardiff are accurately expressed by the following verses?—

> Throats of cannon, speaking thunder,
> Seem to cleave the skies asunder,

Causing all to think and wonder
Why all this should be.
Why from mountain and from valley
Men should crowd each street and alley
And around them we should rally
Young Lord Bute to see!
'Tis because we love him!
And the God above him
Now we pray will bless alway
And every year improve him.
Till at last, old age attained,
Having from all vice refrained,
He'll still have our love unfeigned,
Love and loyalty!

As far as the facts go, however, the prose is quite equal to the poetry. Nothing but the strangely composite personality of the chief mover on the occasion, who seems to represent in himself a Volunteer Colonel, a manager of iron-works, a High Sheriff, and an eminent archæologist, can at all convey a notion of the muddle of jubilation. For a whole week grave magistrates and graver clergymen have been organising addresses and regattas and fireworks and balloon ascents. In their wake some fifty thousand people have been roasting oxen, dining, dancing, singing, firing salutes, riding in procession, rowing in regattas, drilling in reviews, and holloaing themselves hoarse with shouting "Bute." In a word, one of our greatest commercial centres has flung itself with a supreme recklessness into the whirl of the silly season. It is pleasant to find that in all this chaos of absurdity one person at least has shown nothing but modesty

and good sense. Lord Bute's replies to the fulsome addresses of Bishops and Oddfellows are not only thoughtful and temperate, but distinguished by a real nobility of tone and purpose which lifts them at once out of the atmosphere of ridicule around them. It is impossible for any one who reads his quiet manly words not to feel that one man stood in all those excited crowds resolute to understand his duty, and to do it. But it is just this moderation and good sense in the hero of the occasion that brings out into crueller relief the absurdities of his reception; nor is it quite certain that the quiet way in which Lord Bute sets all this enthusiasm aside, and goes at once to business, was not intended as a hint that he understood the meaning of this marvellous "love" for a young nobleman whom not five of the shouters had ever set eyes on before. No one grudges a glass of good port to the city capitalist whose pockets are about to be unbuttoned, and the thriftiest lover will stand an outing to Richmond in honour of the heiress whose thousands he destines for his own. It is possible that Lord Bute saw something of the same spirit of thrifty prodigality in the demonstrative affection, the triumphal arches, and salutes, and the roast oxen of the good city of Cardiff. The adroit hints which take the form of compliments in successive addresses remind us rather unromantically that, in the midst of festivity, it is as well to keep an eye on business, and that many a good bargain has been struck when the customer was at his third bottle.

Whatever blame they may have incurred from outsiders for their grant of £500, the Town Council of Cardiff were perfectly aware that, even in crackers and roman-candles, they could lay out their money to good commercial advantage. And so, while Lord Bute listened to the compliments of the clergy, they may have taken to his ear the form of new appeals for churches and schools, and the shouts of Cardiff may have sounded like a cry for fresh docks. The town welcomed not a mere marquis, but a rich one, and the thought of his rent-roll seems to have blended itself indissolubly with the thought of him in the minds of its citizens. In other words, the Goat which had spelt out the letters of "Bute" had learnt also to spell out the numerals "300,000."

We are far, however, from thinking this the one motive of these Welsh festivities, or the one lesson taught by the parable of the Goat. Both illustrate admirably the new relation of English nobility to the classes with whom nobility is elsewhere most in conflict. If Robert Fitz-Hamo could revisit his old barony of Glamorgan, he would hardly look upon the traders of Cardiff as other than the natural foes of his order. In every country of the Continent the same feeling still exists, and the *noblesse* regards itself as the hereditary and natural opponent of the *bourgeoisie*. The Faubourg St. Germain sulked under a citizen king. The patriciate of Austria rejoiced in the overthrow of Schmerling. And of course the aversion is returned with interest. There is probably

no English cry so absolutely unintelligible to the shopkeeper of Vienna or Paris or Madrid, as the cry of the English shopkeeper, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" And yet in the mouth of the latter it is a perfectly genuine and natural cry. It is absurd to regard it as merely the result of snobbery and flunkeyism. The truth is not merely that the middle-classes of England have for the last thirty years felt themselves masters of the political position, and therefore have ceased to dread the influence of the peerage even were it essentially opposed to their own, but that they are conscious that no such opposition exists. The want of any legal recognition of noble blood has in this country prevented the creation of a class of *noblesse* such as arose elsewhere. Revolutions destroyed the continuity of the peerage; the baronial houses of the Conquest had passed away in the days of Henry the Second; the baronage of the Plantagenets was wrecked in the Wars of the Roses. The new nobility of the Tudors and the Stuarts was drawn from the middle-classes—from the squirearchy, from chance favourites, from the shop and the counter. The banker of the Revolution of 1688, the contractor of the French wars, sit equals by the side of the Stuarts and the Stanleys. The peerage, in short, has become a Legion of Honour for the middle-classes. The common phrase that the House of Lords is open to all comers whom wealth or ability can bring there, ridiculous if it is addressed to the great masses of the people, is perfectly true so far as the mercantile and

shopkeeping classes are concerned. They are proud of an assembly whose doors they see opening every day to comers from Lombard Street and Lincoln's Inn—to the speculator who comes to London as a pig-driver, or to the barrister who has thanked them for a brief. But there is a social reason for their pride in the House of Lords which is even stronger than the political one. The real worship of the middle-classes is a worship of hard cash; and it has been the good fortune of the English nobility to afford it admirable objects for worship. Probably the one peer who, strictly as a peer, is best known among the shopkeepers of England, is the Marquis of Westminster. There is something that glorifies the till in the thought of a thousand a day. But there are a score of dukes and earls and marquises who, each in their own range, afford the same opportunity of idolatry. Wealth is a distinction which the middle-class recognises within its own bounds, and by which it sorts itself into its different degrees; and the higher rank of a class supremely wealthy has in it nothing to offend, but, on the contrary, everything to flatter it. The Goat only echoed the real feelings of the people of Cardiff when he coupled their enthusiasm for a peer with the fact that the peer had £300,000 a year. But the case of Lord Bute illustrates a yet stronger tie that binds the nobility to the trading classes. It is, that in England alone many of the greatest houses in the peerage are traders. In any part of the world, of course, a mine may be

opened in the estate of a noble, or flocks as countless as those of Prince Esterhazy may graze on his lands; but we do not recall any other country which can afford parallels to such instances as those of the Duke of Bridgewater and the first Marquis of Bute—men who deliberately sacrificed half the comforts and dignity of life to plan and carry out great industrial and commercial enterprises as capitalists on their own account. Cardiff is the simple creation of one man's energy and wealth. At the opening of the century it was a mere Welsh village, with a population of little more than a thousand souls. Merthyr was a place far up in the hills to which men travelled, Alpine fashion, on mules, and from which they brought down coals in sacks slung across the backs of ponies. Cardiff is now a town of 50,000 souls, and one of the most thriving commercial ports in Britain, just because a great peer, its landlord, chose to dig docks and build railways, and sink over a million in creating it. Miracles such as this—miracles wrought by sheer weight of hard cash—are the poetry of the life of the middle-classes. They like to keep peers who can put a million into the ground. Their own little hoard, their own tiny speculation, is glorified by the thought of these immense accumulations of capital, of these enormous investments of wealth. It was, we fear, a "loyalty" rather to the money-bag than to the man, a "love" rather of hard cash than of the Marquis, which found its jubilant expression in the welcome which Cardiff gave to Lord Bute.

ITALY AND ITALIAN LIFE

(Feb. 18, 1871)

It is not easy, even after years of residence in Italy, to do justice to its people or their life. A few months' stay at a French town tells one more of France than a whole lifetime at Como or Sorrento will tell of the sunnier South. In both cases, of course, a very little familiarity with actual facts soon clears off the ordinary formulæ in which Englishmen are accustomed to sum up national character; the typical Frenchman of gaiety and atheism dies down into the sober, bigoted peasant-farmer of Brittany or the Loire, and the theory of "Italian indolence" expires at the first sight of the terrace-culture of the Corniche. But in France it is easy to get beyond this first discovery, while in Italy it is very hard. French society is distinctly stratified by social and religious antipathies, by revolutions and counter-revolutions, by the subtle administrative action that finds its leverage in local and political diversity. A French country town crystallises, even to superficial observation, into sharply defined atoms—the official

group at the Préfecture, the ecclesiastical circle at the Evêché, the little knot of Legitimists, faithful to whist and Henri Cinq, the Orleanist grocers, the "Red" artisans, the country-folk flocking into market ready to vote black or white for peace and M. le Curé. All are French, of course, but each is a different France from its fellow, and it is perfectly easy to examine each separately and to gain some idea of the general relations and tendency of the whole. But in Italy it is by no means so easy. The old provincial diversities are being fast done away by the strong influences of national unity, of education, and of military service. Political and religious antipathies, real as they are, are tempered by the good-humour, the innate moderation, the caution and perhaps timidity of the Italian character. Social distinctions have never attained the Northern sharpness and precision. Equality is not, as with France, a dogma, but an easy, traditional habit of social existence. The marquis stops to hear the news from the talkative barber who lives on the ground-floor of his palazzo without a suspicion of loss to his dignity. The donkey-boy is amazed at the silent stare with which an English rider rebuffs his chatter. It is just as difficult to seize on any sharp lines of demarcation in the character of individuals. Everybody is civil, good-humoured, talkative, and nobody leaves any very sharply defined impression.

Partly, no doubt, the difficulty arises from the past. "Italy," said a shrewd Italian, "begins with

1848." Only the strong mark that they have left on the national temper enables us to realise what were the ages of oppression and bigotry that preceded it. Men who were born under the rule of the priest and the Commandante find it hard, even after twenty years of freedom and toleration, to throw off the habits of their youth. Beneath the courtesy and good-nature of nine out of ten Italians, lies an almost instinctive caution and reticence. "You ask me why, now all danger is over and liberal principles in the ascendant, I find it hard to speak plainly," said an Italian advocate to a friend of ours. "Well, in my youth I was seized in the street, flung into prison, kept there six months, and then flung out again. I never knew my crime; I don't know it yet. Do you wonder that even now before I speak I look instinctively round for the spy or the carbinieri?" The change came too suddenly to have wholly modified the national character. But it is amusing to see how it is already modifying the habits of Italian life. Any one who has wandered much in the rural districts of Italy must have been struck by the number of villas forsaken by their owners and left to ruin and decay. The ruin and decay is an odd result of the freedom of '48. The severity of the laws prohibiting political associations in many of the Italian States made social life almost impossible. In some no conversation whatever was allowed in cafés; in others no larger number than three might converse together. There was little temptation for the small

country proprietors to migrate into towns, while there were a hundred inducements of prudence and security to drive townsmen into the country. The advent of freedom restored at once the natural tendency of modern life. The charms of the café emptied the little villas among the olives, and population is fast flocking back to the towns. It is only necessary to listen to the common café talk to discover another result of the very recent beginning of anything like real life in Italy. Thought, conversation, discussion—all is political. Life is as yet barren in all the finer social themes which older societies supply. Moral or religious subjects, which in our own country are perhaps more fertile in discussions than any other, are quietly relegated to the priest. Art or artistic interest there is none. Literature, which under Austrian despotism offered so fair a promise in writers like Manzoni or Leopardi, has died down into translations from English or French. Even the topics suggested by the necessities of daily life lose interest in the all-absorbing presence of political discussion. Vigorous efforts have been made from time to time to establish agricultural societies and agricultural journals, but to little purpose. Even the farmer cares more for the Roman question than for that of the profit of olives or the prevention of grape-disease. In the towns it is of course worse. It is difficult for municipal authorities whose whole minds are bent on the highest problems of State policy to throw much interest into questions of light-

ing or draining. Nothing is perhaps more provoking to the ordinary Englishman who has just escaped from the boredom of the session than to listen to a town Syndic eloquently declaiming on the statesmanship of Sella while a gutter is reeking unheeded beneath his nose, or to witness the utter indifference of a carriage full of passengers to the outrageous delays and unpunctuality of their train, while they are gesticulating and quarrelling over the abstract advantages of Royalty and Republicanism. But the political epoch has to come in the life of every free nation, and Italy is passing through hers fairly enough. No nation has had to face more complex or formidable problems, or to face them in a shorter time. National unity, the suppression of monasticism, the railway question, the question of a capital, the religious question, the question of free-trade, the educational question, the question of brigandage, have all had to be faced and settled in little more than twenty years. In those twenty years, too, Italy has had to get her new Parliamentary gear into working order, to organise a new system of civil administration, to create a national army and a national fleet, and this amidst the embarrassments of three wars, under the pressure of increasing taxation, with a foreign army encamped in the very heart of the country, and with the Papacy waging a secret but harassing warfare of disaffection and discontent through agents that exist in every parish church in the land. When we think of the years wasted in

discussion before the Reform Bill was possible, or of the paralysis of English statesmanship before the Ribbonism and Fenianism of Ireland—difficulties of precisely the same nature and difficulty as the brigandage and Bourbonism of Naples and Sicily—we shall better appreciate the work which Italy has done. It has been done, as one might expect, roughly and imperfectly. Sicily is still no very safe place for travellers with more money than wit. Out of twenty-one millions of Italians seventeen are still unable to read or write. The efficiency of the means by which Italy has been made one has been only equalled by their unscrupulousness. But that the work has been done at all is probably owing to the intense political spirit which possesses the people, and to the perpetual political discussions that turn every café into a miniature St. Stephen's.

One class, here as elsewhere, stands apart from political life or political discussion. But the attitude of the Italian priesthood is very different from the attitude of fierce antagonism to all free constitutional development which makes the priesthood the curse of Belgium or Austria or France. The work of Rosmini and Gioberti has not been lost on the Italian clergy. After all, they are Italians, and if they stand aloof from the contest which the State is waging with Rome, they are still cold and listless helpers in the war which Rome wages against their country. Rome is too near and too much akin to them to win the unquestioning reverence it receives on the other

side of the Alps. The meanest priest in Italy whispers the latest scandal about Antonelli, and laughs a laugh of good fellowship over Pio Nono's *bons mots*. The national character too, the national caution, perhaps a little of the national indolence, prevents the clergy of Italy from becoming a mere Papal militia. No Italian prelate could have uttered the well-known boast of a French archbishop, "My clergy are my regiment; I give them the word of command, and they march." It is not that there are many Liberals among them; the few that exist take refuge in professorships of the Lycées, and are objects of a vast amount of petty persecution from the bishops. But even among the bishops themselves the Papal spirit has by no means the intensity with which it possesses such prelates as Dr. Manning. The Archbishop of Milan and his suffragan, the Bishop of Savona, made no secret of their opposition to the recent dogma of Infallibility. It was an Italian cardinal who whispered to the Archbishop of Paris his apprehension that the Church was being ruined by the Œcumenical Council. Among the inferior clergy it was well known that the announcement of the Papal resolve to declare the See of St. Peter infallible was received with coldness and reserve. But even were the spirit of the Italian clergy fiercer and more Papal than it is, their resistance to freedom would still be of a very different order from that of their German or French brethren. In Austria the Church is still wealthy, and supported

by the higher military and aristocratic classes. Nearly a century has elapsed since the Revolution crushed the priesthood of France, and in the long interval it has had time to rally and reorganise. But the clergy of Italy are still stunned and cowed by the heavy blows which within a few years have reduced their wealth and power to poverty and political impotence. What that wealth and power was, a walk through any common Italian town shows plainly enough. Seven parochial churches, twice that number of chapels and oratories, a collegiate church with a numerous staff of wealthy canons, and more than twelve religious houses, constituted only twenty years ago the ecclesiastical staff of an ordinary city of some ten thousand inhabitants in the Riviera. The change which suppressed the monasteries, abolished the chantries, appropriated the Church lands, and reduced to three the number of parish churches, is only a specimen of the sweeping reform which has gone on over the length and breadth of Italy. Under blows so recent and so terrible the Italian clergy is still reeling. The pensioned monk, the disendowed priest, cling timidly to the wretched pittance which the State doles out to them. Of the open defiance which the German episcopate have from time to time hurled at their Liberal foes they never dream. Even the influence which the priesthood of France have striven hard to regain over the peasantry seems as yet hardly to have entered into their thoughts. And this is the more fortunate for

the State, as there were elements of mischief among the ignorant and bigoted population of the country districts which a fanatical priesthood might have easily stirred into active resistance. The sale of the Church lands sent a thrill of horror through the bulk of the villagers; there were few or no peasant purchasers, and in many cases they had to be disposed of for a mere song to French or English speculators. To this day the peasant women of the Riviera attribute the drought which has for some years robbed them of their olive crop, to the wrath of Heaven at this sacrilegious robbery of the Church. The suppression of the monastic orders would have been impossible had the monks in any way attached to themselves the active sympathies of the people. In San Remo the house of the Capuchins is still suffered to exist. When the cholera decimated the town some thirty years ago, they alone remained bravely at their post, while the whole body of the monks and clergy fled panic-stricken. The people returned the service by demanding the exemption at least of the present inhabitants of the convent from the general sentence of suppression pronounced on the other religious houses of the town; and so strong was the feeling on the subject, that the Government were forced reluctantly to consent. Luckily for the cause of ecclesiastical reform, there were few of the monastic bodies who had imitated the Capuchins of San Remo.

The truth is, that the common parochial clergy of

Italy have little hold even on the religious sympathies of the people. Nothing can be more unlike an English clergyman's conception of his work than that entertained by an Italian curé. He has no work to do outside his church, and little work inside. He says mass every morning, and he is ready to offer these masses on behalf of any that will eke out his miserable stipend with a fee. He has no parochial schools to visit; he does no sick-visiting; he administers no relief to the poor. He is not troubled with preaching: a few minutes' talk on the Gospel on a Sunday afternoon is all that is expected, the actual preaching being reserved for the "Month of Mary," and conducted by Capuchins or other friars specially delegated by the bishop. He accompanies a funeral only to the outskirts of the town, and suffers the poor corpse to be tumbled into its grave in the desolate *campo santo* without a word of farewell. Even the confessional gives him little trouble; the dispossessed monks "have large sleeves," as the characteristic Italian proverb runs, and are the popular confessors. In parish administration he plays second fiddle to the "Confraternity" of the Church, a sort of conglomerate of our vestry and district visitors, in whose hands all charity and poor-relief are concentrated. He is for the most part a good-tempered, ignorant fellow, wretchedly educated, and with a knowledge of matters outside his professional duties which lies in a very small compass indeed. England, for instance, he knows as a

country about to return to the Catholic faith through the agency of people called "Posaistas," from their habit of trying to assume a Catholic attitude. Such men can have little influence even on the ignorant devotees who attend punctually at Sunday mass. Over Young Italy, the generation that is growing up under the new conditions of a free country, they have none at all. What the character or destiny of Young Italy will be it is difficult to say. At present one sees him in his worst aspect, lounging at cafés, rattling billiard-balls, aping French fashions, talkative, dissipated, ignorant, idle. His one great dread is of the conscription, and yet, absurdly numerous as the army is, and oppressive as seems the burden of taxation which it entails, it is to it that the wiser and more thoughtful Italians look for the moral regeneration of their country. No instrument has proved so effective in breaking down the narrow provincial jealousies that have been the ruin of Italy in the past. The Tuscan, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, once enlisted under the national colours, learns to feel equally with the Piedmontese that he is, above all, an Italian. The education given alike to the officer and the common soldier converts the army into a vast school for the people. And education is just now the great need of Italy. Two-thirds of its population, if we are to trust the recent report of Mamiani, are utterly without instruction. The efforts of the Government have been energetic enough, and the number of schools created in the

South since the annexation of Naples shows the earnestness with which Italian statesmen have devoted themselves to the task. The scheme, too, of education, modelled as it is on the French system, is admirable enough. But the teaching is lax, and the attendance utterly inadequate. Whatever may be the objections to compulsion in countries accustomed to self-government, its absence in a land where government action is omnipotent is a great obstacle to educational progress. Extensive changes have, however, been announced in the school system, and it may be that the introduction of compulsory attendance will be one of them. The occupation of Rome has removed the last obstacle to a free development of national life, and education, like other social needs, will profit, we trust, by the strenuous efforts of an unfettered Italy.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN SOUTHERN ITALY

(June 7, 1873)

IN no part of Italy are we able to study the great ecclesiastical revolution which is following hard on the political changes of the last twenty years with the same interest as in the South. Rome is as yet untouched by the threatened law of secularisation or suppression. The Church reforms which preceded the French Revolution in Tuscany and the Milanese, as well as the temper of the people itself, had left so little power to the priesthood that the more sweeping measures of our own day produced comparatively little effect socially or religiously. Piedmont was the one province of Italy where the influence and number of the clergy equalled their influence and number in the South; but in Piedmont the work of the Revolution has been long since done. Though the peasant of the Riviera may still regard the failure of his olive crop as a judgment on the land for its defiance of the Papacy, the moral and industrial advance of the population of the North as a whole has effectually seconded the law in its trans-

formation of the character of the priesthood. But from Terracina to Girgenti the Church and the Revolution are still face to face, and, vast as is the change which has been already brought about, the process of social and ecclesiastical reconstruction is far from being at an end. Nowhere, up to the moment when Garibaldi swept the Bourbons from their capital, had the priesthood so firm a hold. Its numbers were enormous. In Sicily the clergy and the religious of various orders constituted a hundredth part of the whole population; in Naples the priest was the centre of every group in the streets. The wealth of the Church, though impaired by the confiscations of the French occupation, was still immense, while its power was greater than in the days of Hildebrand or Innocent. Half from policy, half from superstition, the later Bourbons relied on the clergy as the main support of their system of despotism, and, great as its services were, they were purchased at an almost incredible price. If the priest preached unlimited obedience to the pitiful tyranny of Ferdinand or Francis, if he held liberalism in check by a system of religious espionage, of spiritual terrorism, or even by betrayal to the authorities of the secrets of the confessional (and under Ferdinand II. the confessional was notoriously put at the service of the police), he demanded in return judicial and administrative independence. The Church was exempt from all secular jurisdiction and subject only to the court of the bishop. Not only was the civil power held

sternly at bay, but it was turned into an engine of spiritual coercion. The communal syndic was employed in driving the truants of the commune to mass. Where the schoolmaster existed, he was forced to drive his boys to the confessional. The censorship of the press was as rigid in its exclusion of heretical as of revolutionary publications. Any laxity in religious observances at once enrolled a Neapolitan in the list of "suspects," and placed him under the ban of the police. And not only did the priesthood use the civil magistrate as its tool, but it was the one power left in the South which could venture to cross his path. Within a limited sphere the clergy assumed a sort of tribunate of the plebs, and the presence of the priest in a household secured it at any rate from the worst outrages of the local tyrants who caricatured the system of their royal master. The result was that every family of any importance contributed its "little priest" to the ranks of the clergy, and every country town saw a swarm of young neophytes who tumbled out of the seminary into the street in all the glory of shovel-hats and miniature soutanes.

With the expulsion of the Bourbons the whole of this fabric of ecclesiastical power fell suddenly to the ground. The numbers of the clergy were roughly curtailed by the suppression of the monasteries, of the cathedral chapters, and of the collegiate churches, which were more numerous in Southern Italy than in any other part of the Catholic world. A glance at an

Italian village shows what an enormous social revolution this mere reduction of numbers must be bringing about. In a little town of the Riviera, whose population hardly reached ten thousand, the number of priests before 1850 exceeded two hundred. In the island village of Capri, at the other extremity of the peninsula, a parish of fifteen hundred souls required the services of twelve canons, a vicar, and a score of mass-priests. In the one case the clergy have already sunk to forty, and in the other the vicar will soon be the only representative of his order. It was, above all, through their enormous numbers that the influence of the clergy penetrated into every home and through every class in Southern Italy, and the loss of importance involved in this rapid diminution is already telling on their social position. Their political power has wholly disappeared. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bishops' courts, bishops' prisons, clerical immunities and privileges have been utterly swept away. The priest has not only ceased to serve as a defence against the civil power, but the hatred and contempt which the legal and judicial classes lose no opportunity for displaying towards his order make his friendship or interposition simply damaging to his clients. With the loss of power the supply of "little priests," and the valuable connection with the middle classes which it involved, have almost everywhere broken down. The boys themselves shrink from joining an order which is rapidly sinking in popular esteem, and the

trader or the small landowner no longer views with favour a profession which has lost influence as it has lost wealth. Poverty, again, is fast dissolving the hold of the priesthood on the upper classes. The clergy of Italy, like that of France before the Revolution, has hitherto consisted of two sharply defined orders, the larger part consisting of curés and mass-priests, the smaller of the higher and dignified clergy. The ample endowments of bishoprics, chapters, and collegiate churches tempted the poorer nobles to devote their younger sons to the priesthood, while the poorer and more directly spiritual charges were left to the children of the small shopkeeper or the peasant farmer. With the abolition of the higher preferment, however, this connection between the gentry and the Church has ceased to exist, and in Italy, as in Belgium or Ireland, the clergy are fast sinking into a peasant priesthood, with few links to unite it to the wealth, the leisure, the culture, the refinement, or the moderation of the world without.

But if the Church has lost more in the South than elsewhere from recent changes, in no part of Italy is its gain likely to be so great in the end. The moral reform which has followed everywhere throughout the Catholic world on the loss of power and position by the clergy must tell most on the clergy of Southern Italy. Without adopting all the scandal of their Liberal opponents, a little experience of Neapolitan or Sicilian villages reveals a state of

things among the priesthood which is startling enough to those whose experience of clerical life has been drawn from an English parsonage. The *parroco* naturally shares the passions and the temper of the peasant class from which he springs. His ordinary talk is simply that of his home, seasoned with words and phrases of a grossness almost incredible to English ears, but from which English ears are for the most part shielded by the patois in which they are conveyed. The confessional is the fount of half the impurity of the village. The sermon is larded now and then with stories broad enough for a tap-room. The chat of the Piazza turns on the peccadilloes of the clergy, on the luck of Don Ambrogio in finding the episcopal prison, to which he had so often been consigned, closed against him by the Constitution, or on the resemblance of the dark-eyed little gambler who is playing at knuckle-bones in the Piazza to that sly Don Natale. But already there are signs of a healthy change. The mere reduction in numbers, falling as it does principally on the idlest and most worthless of the clergy, naturally improves the tone of those who remain. The collegiate chapters, so frequent in the South, were nothing but groups of indolent ecclesiastics who lowered the whole temper of their class. In a village with which we are familiar the arch-priest is the recognised father of more than one chubby urchin. The senior canon is the village usurer, one of his colleagues occupies his

time in watchmaking, and another is generally to be found snaring birds for the supply of his luxurious table. Clerical loungers of this class will die away as the laws of suppression gradually produce their effect; but besides the extinction of the idler clergy, the very prevalence of Liberalism, the rise to power of a class bitterly hostile to the priesthood and eager to seize on every scandal as a means of assailing it, operates, no doubt, as a check of a very efficient kind. The wonderful change which has taken place in the moral temper of the French priesthood, and the very small amount of scandal to which it gives occasion, are obviously due to the fact that every priest in France knows himself to be living beneath the scrutiny of a host of Voltairean eyes. The weakness of human nature is a good deal aided everywhere by the fear of detection, backed by the shame of an almost certain exposure; and in Southern Italy the hostility of the "Liberals" is already raising the moral tone of their clerical opponents. Everybody recognises in the new and younger village priest a man of very different stamp from his easy-going predecessor. He is a great deal less pleasant and sociable, but then he is a vast deal more clerical. The gossips in the Piazza hate him as a busybody, but they have no scandal to tell about him. He multiplies services and processions, sends about the Bambino from house to house, brigades the village girls into guilds of St. Mary or St. Agnese, brings in mission preachers to whip

themselves in the pulpit during Lent, and himself preaches vigorously against Liberalism and the persecutors of the Church. His whole attitude, in fact, is not only active but belligerent. Probably the greatest mistake of the Italian Government throughout all the recent ecclesiastical changes has been the contemptuous indifference with which it has treated the lower clergy. In the earlier days of the national struggle they were far from being hostile to the cause of Italian independence or unity; indeed, the number who came forward to support the protest of Father Passaglia showed that the new Government might count on a large number of adherents among the parish priests, if it took measures to protect them against the bishops and against Rome. But the policy of Ricasoli was wisely, or unwisely, set aside for what was believed to have been the policy of Cavour; in the name of "a Free Church" the clergy were stripped even of their existing rights and given over to the absolute control of the episcopate, while the "Free State" refused to deal with the priesthood save through their bishops and the Pope. The faint sparks of independence were soon trodden out, the Liberal vicars, who came boldly to the front at Naples, found themselves outcasts and excommunicate, while, as if to extinguish any spark of sympathy for itself in those who submitted, the Government struck thirty per cent off the meagre pittance it had reserved for them, and threw endless administrative difficulties and delays

in the way of their receiving any stipend at all. The result is, naturally enough, that every Southern priest is an enemy of Liberal government, and that the younger priests who are now coming to the front are bitter and energetic in their enmity.

There are already signs indeed that a struggle is approaching in which Italian Liberalism will find itself confronted with much the same difficulties that have proved so embarrassing to the Liberals of Belgium. The policy of abstention has been only upheld by the resolute will of Pio Nono, and there is a general belief that whoever may be his successor will at once abandon it. Already the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, one of the ablest men in the sacred college, has broken in spirit, though not in form, through the Papal injunctions, and the result has shown that in the largest of Italian cities the priest is supreme. No oath of allegiance to the King is required from a voter at the municipal elections, and the Archbishop profited by the omission to bring forward clerical candidates and to secure a clerical majority in the City Council. The blow was a hard one, and the bitter outcry of his opponents shows that it has been felt; but its force lay in the fact that the victory was one in a great urban centre where Liberalism had believed itself secure. Not even the most enthusiastic of Liberals dreamt of contesting the supremacy of the priest in the rural districts. The peasantry of Southern Italy are devout and priest-ridden to a man. The churches,

unlike those of other parts of the peninsula, are crowded, not with women only, but with men—rough farmers and fishers—on their knees, joining heartily in litanies and Ave Marias. The Church has, in fact, towered over them till they have lost the power of doubting or questioning; it is only a few years ago that the monks, whose huge house frowns down on the village, or the canons, whose dome overhangs the cluster of rural roofs, were their lords. They held the soil; they spent, they took, they lent, they gave; and though monks and canons have disappeared, the impression of their power remains. With the dissolution itself the peasant, unlike the citizen of the towns, had nothing to do. Of the political revolution which relieved him of the Bourbons he understood something; his wishes were in the main for it, and even now that he has to pay for liberty in a heavier taxation, he is still fairly loyal to it. But of the great religious changes that followed he understood nothing at all. The clergy who suffered were for the most part his kinsmen and neighbours; and the only direct effect of their suppression was to give him non-resident landlords instead of resident ones. Unhappily, too, the great material tie which the purchase of the Church lands created between the peasant and the State in the French Revolution is almost wholly absent from Southern Italy, where the boldest peasant quailed at the threat of excommunication which was denounced by the priest against the buyers of sacred ground; and where we

have known men who defied the threat, forced on their deathbed to restore their purchase to the Church by the menace of being buried like a dog. Broken, too, and maimed as it is, the Church is still the one great social institution which the Southern peasant sees and knows. Its *festas* are the single source of poetry and amusement in his life. He has no café, no journals, no reviews, no great secular fêtes, as the dwellers in towns have. But he has his Cradle-show at Christmas, his show of the Wise Men at Epiphany-tide, his procession in the spring ere the boys start for the coral fishery, his procession in summer through the vineyards for the blessing of the vines. The priest, in fact, is not merely the centre of his religious life, but of his social life too. Education is the only serious danger to his supremacy, and the first sign of the clerical movement in Southern Italy has been the new attitude of the priesthood towards the school. The school of the rural commune is practically in the hands of the Communal Council, —in other words, of the village farmers who are its paymasters,—and in place of the contemptuous indifference with which the clergy at first regarded the educational institutions of the new Government, they have now begun to use their influence over the Council to secure the control over them. In more than one Southern village the schoolmaster finds himself compelled to teach the new episcopal Catechism and to instruct his pupils in the doctrine of Papal infallibility, while a teacher who fairly sets

himself in opposition to the priest finds his school deserted and his income crippled by the Council. The new Educational Bill which we lately noticed, and which practically withdraws the control of the school from the hands of the village farmers, is a sign that the Italian Government has recognised this new danger, and is resolved to meet it boldly. But the true security of Liberal Italy lies, after all, in the utter inability of the priesthood to use the vast advantages of their position. The moral force which the clergy might still wield is squandered on excommunications of Radical newspapers and the coarsest abuse of the existing Government, while the grossest immorality in their flock passes uncensured, and no clerical name is ever seen among the protests against that hideous cruelty to animals which is the disgrace of the South. Till the priest takes a very different moral and spiritual position from that which he at present occupies, it is hard to believe that mere ecclesiastical activity will avail permanently to arrest the general progress of Italy. But there can be little doubt that in the present condition of the South the clergy may inflict on their Liberal opponents, if the present movement is really carried out, a very considerable and humiliating check.

EVENINGS AT HOME

(Oct. 7, 1871)

WE remember to have been highly entertained in our childhood with a little book of the Mrs. Barbauld order which bore the title of *Evenings at Home*. Its tales and poems, its "Eyes and No Eyes," its moral and instructive lessons, have wholly vanished, we are afraid, from our minds, but the title remains. Whatever Mrs. Barbauld meant, there can be no doubt that evening, in nine cases out of ten, gives us the idea of home. That subtle mixture of personal comfort, of rest, of family affection, of social enjoyment, of abstraction from the vulgar sides of life, of a tender appreciation of its domestic poetry, which we call "home," seems only to be realised when the bustle of the day is done. A pleasant family morning, a family gathering on the lawn some sunny afternoon, are very delightful things in themselves, but they are not "home." Half the charm of home lies in the sense of contrast, of escape from the business, the pleasure, the distractions of the day. This is the reason that the keenest enjoyment of it is

found, not in the man who is always at home, but in the man whose days are spent away from it. The country parson who meets his family at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, who jostles against his wife all the morning, and takes his daughters out for a walk in the afternoon, retires quietly to the solitude of his study when the day goes down. Home is the general atmosphere of his life, but he tastes little of its more positive and concentrated delights. The City merchant, on the other hand, or the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, has whirled away to office or chambers from a breakfast-table where he has buried himself in his letters or his paper. He spends the day in an arid wilderness of ledgers or "cases"; busy, hurried, quick-tempered, peremptory, lawyer or man of business from head to foot. The work has got to be done, and he does it keenly and thoroughly, but it is not his life. All the real manhood within him is hung up with his greatcoat on the peg behind the office door. Then there is the stroke of four and a rush to the train. The whole nature of the man seems to change as he leaves his business self in the bank parlour and whirls away "home." He hardly gives a glance out of window as the train rolls over a myriad roofs on its way to the little station in the country. He is content to leave the City and its gutters to the beadle and the philanthropist. His real interest, his natural vivacity and curiosity waken only in the fields. He knows nothing of the great town he leaves behind him; men amuse themselves

with the air of abstraction with which he threads the mazes round the Bank or the courts of the Temple; but he knows every hedge, and every nest in every hedge, in the little nook which his City toil has won. No one would recognise the bustling, absorbed speculator of Mincing Lane in the genial country squire who saunters chatting through the greenhouse or strolls off to take a look at his fowls. The man, in a word, is at home. The light and warmth of his own fireside, the voices of his children, blend themselves with the freshness of these country lanes, the last glory of the sunset as it streams through the coppice, or the songs of birds. The girls come running to him with a kiss of welcome at the gate; a face yet dearer waits quietly for him in the garden; laughter is ringing out from the croquet group on the lawn; "baby" crows to him from his nurse's arms. His very change of costume marks the new ease and comfort which he gains from the sense of being at home. The old felt hat, the old loose coat, the big stick with which he goes off to his chat with the gardener, are an odd contrast to the precision of his dress throughout the day. He idles, and he idles deliberately. His chat is all about a number of little home trifles—the new rose, or the last social squabble in the village, or the triumphant result of "baby's" effort at walking. He has a brisk fight with his eldest daughter for the last volume of the last novel from Mudie's. He wants to hear all about Harry's cricketing score, and tells him

of his own famous innings some thirty years ago. He pokes the fire, and hums an irregular accompaniment to the duet which is going on at the piano. He implores the governess to help him to a game of backgammon. Nobody would imagine that the lazy old fellow whom everybody is quizzing is the terrible cross-examiner before whom witnesses shake in their shoes, or that the imbecile father whose youngster is correcting him for his numberless errors in saying "Diggory Dock" is the profoundest financier among the bank directors. But then financier and barrister are at home.

It is the special privilege of the man of business that his evenings at home last all the year round. There is no doubt a great deal to be said for the enjoyment of a season in town, but it is, in fact, the abolition of home for at least six months, and those months when the evenings are most charming. The monotonous roll of "compulsory dinners," the helpless wanderings from crush to crush and from ball-room to ball-room, the snatches of prattle which pass for conversation, the casual dropping upon people in corners or on staircases which takes the place of friendship and society, are purchased a little dearly by the sacrifice of every pleasure of home. The squire who yawns through a London season in fatherly consideration for his marriageable girls, drums vacantly on his Club window till the time comes for the inevitable round. Still the season ends some day, and the evenings of autumn have

a specially domestic charm of their own. Summer nights tempt one to wanderings in the cool gloom between the great yew hedges, to solitary thinkings in the stillness, to a certain luxurious isolation and inactivity. But the first touch of winter gathers everybody round the fire. The winter evening is in the truest and closest sense the Evening at Home. What one most misses in it, perhaps, is a little sensible organisation. Nobody seems to realise how very hard it is for a number of people to amuse themselves and one another for dozens of nights in succession. There are a few traditions, like those of reading or music, that bring order into the chaos, but the books are chosen haphazard, and the music is left to chance. The family group which began so merrily over the fire breaks up by a series of quiet secessions. Mamma resumes silence and her knitting needles, Mary wanders off to her music-stool, the schoolboy flings himself on the sofa with a novel, papa is asleep in the easy chair. Everybody yawns with a certain weary relief when the prayer-bell rings, and yet nobody could exactly say why the evening had been so wearisome. The truth is, that the bulk of people think that entertainment comes of itself, and that the least organisation is the death of any real amusement. The evening is left to arrange itself, and it arranges itself in the way we have described. The boy who loafs about a playground soon finds how wearisome merely casual amusement is, and betakes himself to the organised

"game"; and the woman who once set to organising her evenings at home would soon find that the prayer-bell came too early rather than too late. Variety is the first thing needful for amusement, and a little unwritten programme which arranged conversation, music, reading, and the round game in their due sequence, would be simply introducing into the family party the same principle which is proved by experience to be essential to the success of any public entertainment. Much again may be done with each of these elements of social enjoyment in themselves. Music, for instance, as it is at present employed in evenings at home, is one of the most irritating and annoying things in the world. It is a mere chance which piece is played, or who the composer is, or what the style of music may be. Conceive, instead of this, such a series of evenings as Mr. Chappell gives us at St. James's Hall: now a Beethoven night, now a Mendelssohn, now a Schubert night. Imagine a little thought given to the character and succession of the pieces played, the devotion of five minutes to the arrangement of a dexterous alternation of vocal with instrumental music, or the placing the more scientific pieces at the beginning of the little home concert, and a lively glee at the close. These are of course mere hints, but they are hints which turn wholly on the one point, that amusement and a real evening at home can only be got at the cost of a little forethought and a little trouble. Or take the case of reading aloud. Our grandmothers

used to gather round the fire and listen patiently to pages of a classic author. Nowadays we take the last Mudie's book from the table, plunge into the middle and make the best of it. There are advantages in either course, but a little tact would combine them both. An essay of De Quincey would be an agreeable relief after Mr. Lecky; it would be amusing to contrast the light persiflage of *Lothair* with the lighter persiflage of *The Rape of the Lock*. We once knew a family where Shakspeare was read in character, as it were, and each member of the circle round the home table took a separate personage in the play. Reading of this kind would give a real basis for conversation. There is no reason in the world that good conversation should be so rare as it is in England, but, as every mistress of a salon in France knows, good talk does not come by accident. We puzzle ourselves, as we listen to the ceaseless gabble of girls on a "call," how any human beings can have fallen into such vacuous imbecility; but the secret of it lies at home. An Englishwoman learns to dress, to dance, or to ride, but she picks up the art of conversation as she can. When the need for talk comes, she finds that conversation is just as difficult an art as that of riding, or dressing, or dancing. She is too plucky to give in, and too shy to hold her tongue, and so she plunges into a goose-like gabble. Men and women will only learn really to converse when conversation, in the true sense of the word, is familiar to them at home. But to

converse—in other words, to find fresh subjects and treat them freshly; to preserve a tone of lightness and ease without falling into frivolity; to know how to avoid mere discussion and controversy, and yet to deal with topics of real interest and value; to perceive when a theme is socially exhausted, and when the moment has come for a digression, how to check one member of the circle, or to draw out the other; how to give their proper place even to jest and repartee,—all this is no easy matter. It requires, as we urged in the former cases, forethought and trouble, and a little organisation. But we can hardly conceive anything which would contribute in a higher degree to the happiness of an evening at home.

The bachelor in his chambers can only think with a bitter irony of such evenings as we have described. Conversation, music, family readings, are so many inaccessible havens to the solitary refugee whom the ebb of the season has left stranded on the shore. "Doors where his hand once used to beat" are closed to him, the long array of cards vanishes from his table, the last friend with whom he might have found a chat and a cigar flitted yesterday on his way to the Engadine. Undoubtedly the first evening at home without the prospect of a single knock at the door, the dreary length of hours, the ticking of the clock, the space unbroken by aught but the light spiral smoke from his meerschaum, are trying enough to the bachelor. Blessings of a questionable character fall on the engagements that keep him a prisoner in town.

But still, little by little, pleasures of his own open on him in these evenings at home. He takes down the old books that never get a chance in the bustle of nine months in the year. He rubs up his Montaigne, he roars again over *Tristram Shandy*, his critical pencil wanders up and down the margins of his Massinger. He begins to feel, however gradually, the charms of solitude and indolence, and the absolute liberty of doing what he will. His life groups itself in the quiet, and comes back to him in quaint little vignettes of the past, in dreamy recollections of school days and college days, and his first years at the Bar. Old memories revive pleasantly for him: he recollects Jones's wonderful verses, and Brown's marvellous agility on the Finsteraarhorn. He wonders what has become of Robinson, and suddenly finds himself scribbling a letter to Smith, whom he has not seen for ten years and more. Letters, in fact, become possible. There is time now for something besides post-cards and notes. Sisters are gladdened with epistles as long and amusing as of old. His mother blushes like a girl on her birthday morning at receiving the prettiest and most flattering little sonnet in the world. Then, too, there is the pleasure of planning one's life, of writing imaginary books, of attaining imaginary fame. Fancy, so severely held in check by the icy prose of the season, wakes to fresh flights in the poetic stillness of an evening at home. It is possible that he will cease to be a bachelor, that Lily really cares for him, that his cousin's flirtation meant

something. Charming little faces come out of the red embers, wondrous little figures come and go in the light smoke clouds. Chords of pleasant music, voices of little children, chat and laughter, sound somehow in the silence of the desolate chambers. A row of neatly lettered octavos spreads itself—his own immortal work—along the table; there is his Judge's wig in the chair; he hears the cheers and the hush as he rises for the great speech at St. Stephen's. Dreams, no doubt, but a man may do worse than dream. All those drums and dinners and balls of the last six months seem poor and ridiculous beside this world of happiness and fame. The smoke wreaths die into the bowl again, the light dies away in the embers, but the bachelor has found a charm in his evening at home.

THE END

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